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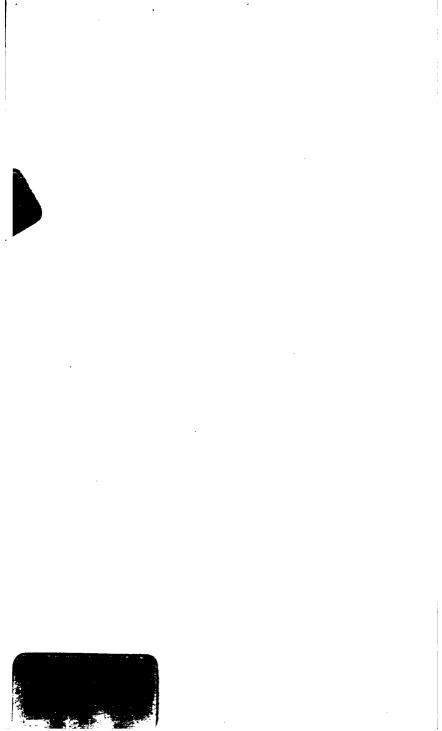
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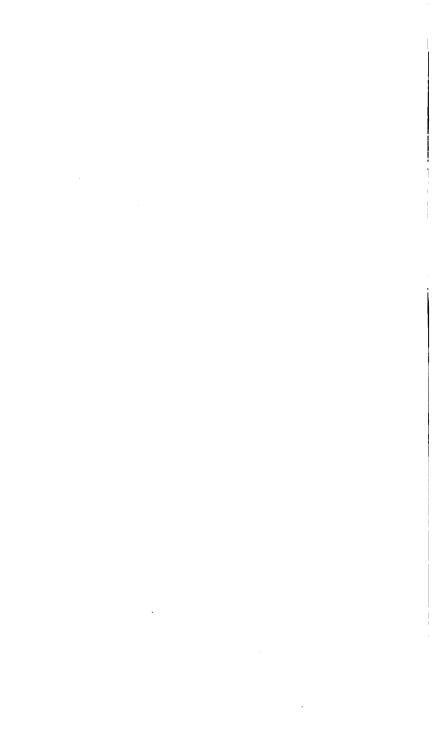
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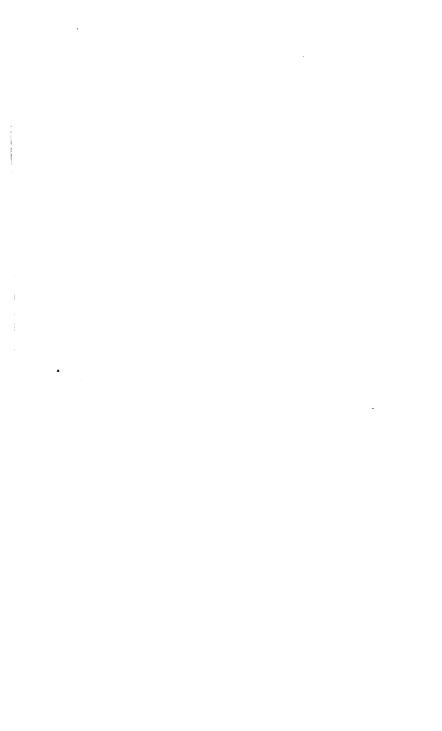
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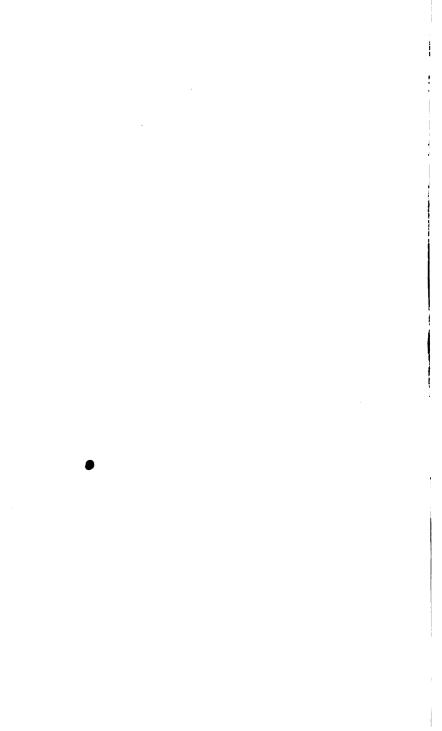
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GENERAL VOLUME

OF

EPITAPHS,

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WITH A LARGE SELECTION OF STRIKING AND APPROPRIATE

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE,

AND AN

HISTORICAL AND MORAL ESSAY,

ON THE SUBJECT.

BY A CLERGYMAN.

"Thus my churchyard became a book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples."—LEGH RICHMOND'S YOUNG COTTAGES."

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THOUGH the Writer has looked through many volumes, in quest of lines adapted for his little work, yet doubtless there are many books, in which may be found some of the brightest gems of poetry, to which he has not had access; and he cannot but think, that though widely scattered, there must be some existing Epitaphs, which, if they do not surpass, are at least equal to the very best which will be read in this volume. The Writer begs, therefore, to solicit of those, who may take an interest in his design, that they will do him the kindness to send him any Epitaphs which have been justly admired for their poetic beauty, and Scriptural sentiment; addressed for "The Author of a Volume of Epitaphs," Mr. PARKER's, Bookseller, West Strand, London.

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ESSAY.

It is not the design of the Writer to preface this work with an essay on sepulchral customs in general, which have varied so much in different nations, and in successive ages. On such an extensive subject a considerable volume might be compiled. Not only have they varied in different countries, and at different periods, but it would require too much space even to describe all the rites and ceremonies which have obtained in England, through all their different grades, from the mummeries of a Popish funeral down to the unostentatious burial of a Quaker, or the silent and unceremonial interment of a Scotch Presbyterian.

The writer must, therefore, confine himself to a few customs mentioned in Scripture, and to some of those in our own country, which may be traced, either to the common feelings of our nature, or to a Scriptural origin; concluding the whole with observations on the importance of that superintendence of sepulchral inscriptions, which the late decision in the "Court of Arches"* has rendered imperative on his clerical brethren.

For the elucidation of a few passages of Scripture it may be proper to remark, that the Jewish sepulchre, from the earliest to the latest period, (Gen. xxiii. 9. and Mark xv. 46.) was generally a large cave, hewn out of a rock, to the hereditary possession of which families of distinction attached the greatest importance. "Many of these caves are still to be seen in Judea; and two, in particular, which are more magnificent than the rest, are supposed to be the sepulchres of the Kings. One of these is in Jerusalem, and contains twenty-four cells for the dead bodies to be laid in; the other,

[•] Breeks v. Woolfrey.

containing twice that number, is without the city."—Lowth's Lect.

As the Jews did not use coffins, their dead were laid separately, in open, horizontal excavations cut in the sides of the cave; and as many of the Jewish sepulchres were caves, we can readily comprehend how the two men that were possessed with devils had "their dwelling among the tombs;" (Matthew viii. 38.) where, no doubt, they would find a melancholy abode, in some deserted excavation of the dead. But we may infer, that the Jewish modes of burial varied, as in other nations, according to the rank of the person; for besides "sepulchres," we read of "the graves of the people," (2 Kings xxiii. 6.) i. e. the graves of the common people; who were, no doubt, interred with but little expense or ceremony, whilst the bodies of others were "wound in fine linen, with spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury." (John xix. 41.) In the case of Lazarus, the friend of Jesus, it would seem that nothing had

been done to retard the decomposing of his body; and it is probable that his sisters were not able to buy "sweet spices and ointment" for their brother; but his memory was embalmed in their affections; and in his sickness and death, sufficient is recorded for a memorial of their love; and not of theirs only, but of His, also, who had power to command his resurrection from the dead.

To die, unlamented, has ever been considered a reproach; and by the Jews, regarded as a calamity, hardly to be surpassed by the curse pronounced upon Jezebel, "and there shall be none to bury her." (2 Kings ix. 10.) We thrice meet with this curse, united in the same prediction; "they shall not be lamented, neither shall they be buried." (Jer. xvi. 4, xxv. 23.) Of the usual manner in which princes were bewailed by their subjects, we learn from Jeremiah's prophecy of the unlamented death, and ignominious burial of Jehoiakim; "they shall not lament for him, saying, Ah Lord! or, Ah

his glory!" (Jer. xxii. 18.) Every mark of respect, every expression of honour, or regret, should be wanting to his memory; whereas, it was foretold, as the distinguished lot of Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, "that all Israel should mourn for him, and bury him." (2 Kings ix. 10.)

The sorrow of the Jews was of the most impassioned kind, and was expressed, not only by rending their garments, and mourning, and weeping, and fasting, (2 Sam. i. 11, 12) but also by giving vent to their sorrow, in affecting and reiterated expressions of grief. Thus David lamented for Saul and Jonathan, (1 Sam. i. 17-—27.) and afterwards for Abner, (2 Sam. iii. 31—34,) and last of all, for his son Absalom. Thus the lying Prophet mourned over "the man of God," that had prophesied against the altar of Bethel: (1 Kings xiii. 30.) "and devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him." (Acts viii. 2.)

Of the weeping, and wailing, which are

described as having taken place at the house of the Ruler of the Synagogue, on the death of his daughter, (Mark v. 38.) it may be remarked, that the Jews still adhere, as closely as possible, to their ancient funeral ceremonies, and that, even to this day, all who are present when a person has just expired, rend their clothes, and use other signs of the greatest sorrow.

To obviate the reproach of dying unlamented, arose the practice of hiring mourners; a custom which prevailed among many nations, and from which the Jewish people were not exempt. It was their office, not only to wail aloud themselves, but to use every method to make "the eyes" of others "run down with tears, and their eye-lids gush out with water," (Jer. ix. 17. 2 Chron. xxxv. 25.) and this they endeavoured to accomplish by eulogising the dead—reciting the most remarkable incidents in their lives—and lamenting the most affecting circumstances of their death. The effects thus produced being somewhat like that of

David's appeal at the burial of Abner: when "the King lifted up his voice, and wept at the grave of Abner; and all the people wept, and the King lamented over Abner, and said, Died Abner as a fool dieth? Thy hands were not bound, nor thy feet put into fetters; as a man falleth before wicked men, so fellest thou: and all the people wept again over him." (2 Sam. iii. 32-34.) As the King dwelt on the affecting circumstances of his death: 'Died Abner as a criminal dieth? No. His hands were not pinioned, his feet were not fettered as those of a malefactor. Abner fell not before just men by a judicial sentence, but as an innocent man, "falleth before wicked men;" so fell Abner, by the deceitful wickedness, and cruel treachery of Joab.' At such an appeal to their knowledge of the character of Abner, and his untimely end, "all the people wept again over him," grieved that such a great man in Israel had fallen a victim that day to the base and cruel perfidy of Joab, who

"shed the blood of war in peace;" and thus, among other ceremonies, it is still customary among the Jews to deliver at the grave an affecting address, if the deceased was a person of any rank or esteem.

To attend a funeral has ever been considered as a token of sympathy, and a mark of respect from the earliest ages. In proof of this, we may adduce, not only the burial of Abner, accompanied as it was by the whole army, and by their Sovereign; for "King David himself followed the bier;" (2 Sam. iii. 31.) but the record of Jacob's funeral furnishes another example. The respect shewn to the remains of that aged patriarch, as a great and distinguished person, is thus related:-" And Joseph went up to bury his father, and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt; and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house; and there went up with him both chariots and horsemen,

and it was a very great company." (Gen. l. 7, 8, 9.) And this custom we find perpetuated through succeeding ages; for, at the funeral of the widow's son "much people of the city was with her." (Luke vii. 12.)

It is to this day customary, in some parts of England, for a great number of uninvited persons to join the funeral procession, in testimony of their respect for the deceased. In Wales, the practice may be considered as almost universal. At the funeral of the late Mr. Charles, of Bala, the procession extended more than a mile: "And as the dark files moved slowly and softly along to the village Church, the silence of the scene was, as is customary with the Welsh, broken by the solemn and subdued voices of the multitude, who sang appropriate hymns. When the vast concourse of mourners reached the Church, it was found much too small to contain the dense mass that had been collected, from all the surrounding country, to pay their last tribute of respect

to one whose life had been devoted to their religious instruction." The writer himself once saw a funeral procession in North Wales which he can never forget. It composed, indeed, "a very great company"-so great, that his eldest son exclaimed, in child-like simplicity, "Its as if the King was dead;" though, in fact, it was nothing more than the funeral of a Welsh farmer, who was respected, far and near, for the excellency of his character. The attendance at this funeral filled Llanbadarn Church, one of the largest in the Principality. When the grave was covered with soil, a woman knelt down and planted laurel branches, as emblems of the immortality of his soul, and his victory over death.

The adorning of graves with trees and flowers is a custom of high antiquity, and, in the present day, is not peculiar to any one nation. Dallaway, in describing the tombs of the Turks in Constantinople, tells us, "that even the humblest graves are

marked by cypresses, planted at the head and feet; and the groves of these trees, of every size, are very extensive;" "and" he adds, "that between some of the tombs is placed a chest of ornamented stone, in which are planted herbs and aromatic flowers, which are regularly cultivated by the females of the family." Dr. Chandler, in his travels in Lesser Asia, informs us that "he found some Turkish graves adorned with myrtles;" and another traveller mentions, "that myrtles are diligently cultivated at Aleppo for that purpose." In our own country, the practice of planting shrubs and flowers is but partial. The custom is more general in Wales than in any part of the United Kingdom.

"There some kind hand is seen to bring
Its offering to the tomb;
And say, as fades the rose in spring,
So fades a sister's bloom."

In some of the Churchyards in the Southern Principality, the graves are little beds of flowers, rather, indeed, to be admired for their simplicity, and for the pious affection with which they are regarded, than for their beauty. Like the cypress, the arbor vitæ, and other ever-greens, the hardy yew-tree has been regarded as an unfading emblem of immortality; and from its dark and gloomy appearance, it has been considered, also, an emblem of mourning, from the earliest ages of antiquity. The Greeks adopted the idea from the Egyptians, the Romans from the Greeks, and the Britons from the Romans. From long habits of association, the yew-tree has acquired, as it were, a sacred character, and is now considered as one of the best and most appropriate ornaments of consecrated ground.

"Dark tree, still sad, when others' grief is fled, The only constant mourner o'er the dead."

Had they been planted, as many suppose, to supply our ancestors with weapons of war, many early statutes, for their preservation, would have been found in the ancient records of our country; but it appears from the statutes of Edward the Fourth, requiring that four bow staves should be imported with each ton of merchandize, that our ancestors, so famous for their skill in handling the bow, had recourse to foreign wood as superior to their own.

The weeping willow has been constantly employed as an emblem of grief. It is planted over tombs in many countries besides our own, and from its gracefully drooping foliage, it might almost be supposed to be weeping over the monument which it adorns. Of this beautiful—sepulchral—and, I had almost said, affecting tree, one of the largest in this, or, perhaps, in any other country, is "The Abbot's Willow," at Bury St. Edmunds. This tree is 95 feet in height, 18½ feet in circumference, covers an area of 204 feet, and contains 440 feet of solid timber.

Whether the Jews planted trees about their sepulchres, does not appear; but it is most probable that they did. We read of sepulchres in their gardens; for "Manasseh was buried in the garden of his own house, in the garden

of Uzza;" and Amon, his son, was buried in his sepulchre, in the same garden. (2 Kings xxi. 18-26.) Of the sepulchre which belonged to "Joseph of Arimathea," we are told that it was "hewn out of a rock," and situated "in a garden:" "Now in the place where he was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet There laid they Jesus therefore, because of the Jews' preparation day; for the sepulchre was nigh at hand:" (John xix. 41, 42.) the gardens, and burying places of the Jews, being without their cities. Before any mention is made of gardens, except the garden of Eden, we find in Scripture this early and simple record of the burial of Deborah, Rebekah's nurse, that she "died, and was buried beneath Bethel, under an oak:" and we know that this aged domestic did not die unlamented, for "the name of the oak under which she was buried, was called Allon-bachuth (Gen. xxxv. 8.) the oak of weeping." And when

"valiant men" had rescued "the body of Saul, and the bodies of his sons," their remains were "buried under a tree," (1 Sam. xxxi. 13.) which served for a memorial, and as such it seems to have been recorded. It is not uncommon in our day, for persons to be interred, at their request, under some particular tree; and many persons have planted trees for the express purpose of being buried under their silent shade, or of denoting the spot where they particularly wished to be interred. Such a tree now stands in Wolvey Churchyard, Warwickshire, over the remains of William Hollifear, the late pious Vicar of that Parish.

It was the custom of the Jews, as it was of the Greeks and Romans, to bury their dead without the walls of their cities, a practice which still prevails in the East, and it is one which is becoming more general in our own country. There are now many cemetries so situated, that we may well exclaim, "Far from the cities ceaseless hum,
Oh! hither let my relics come,
And let the melancholy yew
Stand near my grave, for ever true,
And exclude the sun's bright ray,
As here a visitant too gay."

As the custom amongst Eastern nations, of burying without the walls, was not often departed from, it became a mark of distinguished honour to be buried within the city. Hence it is recorded, that when "David slept with his fathers, he was buried in the city of David." (1 Kings ii. 10.) This honour was afterwards conferred, not only on most of the pious kings of Judah, but also on Jehoiada the priest, of whom it is written, that "they buried him in the city of David, among the kings, because he had done good in Israel, both towards God, and towards his house." (2 Chron. xxiii. 16.) In our own country, for a private individual to have a public funeral, and to be buried among our kings in Westminster Abbey, is an honour similar to that which, so many ages since, was conferred on the pious and patriotic Jehoiada.

In England, when Augustine, the monk, had usurped the Archbishopric of Canterbury, and began to subvert the Church of Christ, and to lay the foundations of that Papal tyranny, under which our country groaned till the Reformation-he caused it to be decreed, "that no corpse of Prince or Prelate should be buried within the walls of a city, but only in the suburbs thereof;" and then, a person of the highest distinction could not be buried in the body of a church, but only in the porch. In about 150 years after, Cuthbert, one of his successors, sanctioned what Austin had prohibited, and the custom of burying in churches has continued ever since. In the dark ages of Popery, many of its deluded votaries attached the greatest importance to being buried in places famed for peculiar sanctity.

It has been before remarked, that it was not

customary among the Jews to bury in coffins. It is, indeed, recorded of Joseph, that he was "embalmed, and put in a coffin in Egypt;" (Gen. l. 26.) but these were great distinctions, only conferred on persons of the highest rank, or on those who had done some signal service to their country. The embalming of a body in the most effectual manner, to insure its preservation, cost two hundred and fifty pounds sterling, and was, therefore, necessarily confined to men of wealth and dignity. The coffins, also, for such persons were very costly. There are two Egyptian coffins in the British Museum cut out of a solid block of granite, and which appear to have belonged to some of the nobles of Egypt. They are adorned with innumerable hieroglyphics, and must have been engraved at a prodigious expense of time and labour. In Sir Hans Soame's Museum is a beautiful alabaster sarcophagus, which he purchased of the late Mons. Belzoni for 2000 guineas.

In this country coffins were not generally used till about the reign of Henry the Third, A. D. 1216. Prior to that period, and for sometime afterwards, a few persons of rank were buried in stone coffins. One of the sovereign Princes of Wales, who died A. D. 1169, was buried in a stone coffin in Bangor Cathedral; and in a spot which has been enclosed, and planted with ever-greens, in a sequestered part of the grounds of Sir Richard Bulkeley Williams Bulkeley, Bart. at Beaumaris, there may be seen the stone coffin which once contained the mortal remains of Joan, daughter of King John, and consort of Llewelyn, Prince of North Wales, who died A. D. 1237. Prince Llewelyn caused a monastery to be erected over the spot

"Where England's royal daughter chose to rest."
But this coffin, interred with such great pomp, and honoured for the precious remains it contained, "was used for many years as a trough for the watering of horses, till it was rescued

from such indignity, and placed in the situation it now occupies, for preservation, as well as to excite serious meditations, on the transitory nature of all sublunary distinctions, by Viscount Bulkeley, Oct. A. D. 1808."

In the year A. D. 1741, the remains of three Abbots, with some portion of their dress, were found in their stone coffins in Gloucester Cathedral.*

The passing bell is a very ancient custom, and one which may be traced as far back as the Anglo-Saxon period of our history. It probably began at a much earlier period, as the venerable Bede mentions a bell being used in Churches A.D. 640. Its original intention was, to announce that some person was in the act of dying, passing out of time into eternity, and this public notice was given, in order that all who heard it might pray for the dying person—a good custom, and not unworthy of being revived. But all prayers for the dead

These coffins are now to be seen in the Crypt,

are vain and unprofitable, except to those who are paid for offering them. To pray for the soul already departed, and to offer up a number of blasphemous and idolatrous masses for its repose, are the delusions of Popery. The doctrine of purgatory is the golden article of the Romish faith, though the Priests have not the candor to acknowledge: "Sirs, ye know, that by this craft we have our wealth." There is abundant proof that the Christian Church, for about the first six hundred years, did not believe in purgatory, and that so far from considering it "a good and wholesome thought to pray for the dead," no such evil and pernicious thought was ever entertained by the Church in the earliest and purest ages of Christianity. The doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead, which virtually denies the efficacy of the atonement-subverts the whole system of divine revelation—and brings Popery down to the level of the grossest Heathenism, is one of the first of those numerous errors which have shackled

the human mind, and which now form the stronghold of the Popish Antichrist. But though first found in the writings of Heathen Poets and Philosophers, and then, alas! in the writings of the Fathers—those writings which are so often at variance with themselves, and with the uniform simplicity of divine truth,—yet it was not received as one of the doctrines of the Church till about the time of Gregory the Great, when Popery, "the Man of Sin," was beginning rapidly to attain its full growth, and soon appeared the horrid monster of a superstitious tyranny.

Spon, whose pursuits as an antiquary, joined to his character as a Christian, well qualified him for his ecclesiastical researches, observes, "that if the doctrine of purgatory was anywhere to be found, it would be particularly in the epitaphs of the early Christians. But in the ancient epitaphs you never read, before the seventh or eighth century, "Pray for him," nor even so much as "Requiescat in pace,"

now so often read in modern epitaphs, and on escutcheons, and which is nothing more than an expression of our wish, as to the state of the deceased. In the early records of the pious dead, we read only, with the dates of their death—" Obiit in pace," "Depositus est in pace," "Quiescit in pace," "Obiit in somnum pacis," "Acceptus est apud Deum," i. e. "He departed in peace," "He is laid here in peace," "He rests in peace," "He departed into the sleep of peace," "He is accepted of God."

Spon, who had collected many epitaphs of the first six centuries, declares that "he never could find one which contained the most distant allusion to purgatory, or prayers for the dead, nor on all the ancient bas reliefs he had seen did he ever find any representations of purgatory, or of Priests saying mass at an altar."

From hence, we may infer, that when our Church most decidedly condemns the idea of praying for the dead, she expresses as her own

faith, what was the firm belief of the primitive Church, concerning "the gross error of purgatory." After having first quoted the Scriptures, and given the opinion of the fathers, St. Augustine, Chrysostom, and St. Cyprian, "The homily concerning prayer," declaring the judgment of the Church of England, founded on the authority of the word of God, thus concludes: "Let these, and such other places of Scripture, be sufficient to take away the gross error of purgatory out of our heads; neither let us dream any more. that the souls of the dead are any thing at all holpen by our prayers; but, as the Scripture teacheth us, let us think that the soul of man goeth straightways either to heaven or else to hell, whereof the one needeth no prayer, the other is without redemption. The only purgatory, wherein we must trust to be saved, is the death and blood of Christ, which, if we apprehend with a true and steadfast faith, it purgeth and cleanseth us from all our sins,

even as well as if He were now hanging upon the cross. The blood of Christ, saith St. John, hath cleansed us from all sin. The blood of Christ, saith St. Paul, hath purged our consciences from dead works, to serve the living God. Also in another place he saith, We be sanctified, and made holy by the offering up of the body of Jesus Christ done once for all. Yea, he addeth more, saying, with the one oblation of his body and precious blood, he hath made perfect for ever and ever, all them that are sanctified. This, then, is that purgatory, wherein all Christian men put their whole trust and confidence, nothing doubting, but if they truly repent them of their sins, and die in perfect faith, that then they shall forthwith pass from death to life. If this kind of purgatory will not serve them, let them never hope to be released by other men's prayers, though they should continue therein unto the world's end. He that cannot be saved by faith in Christ's blood, how shall he look to be delivered by

men's intercessions? Hath God more respect to man on earth, than he hath to Christ in heaven? If any man sin, saith St. John, we have an advocate with the Father, even Jesus Christ the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.

"But we must take heed that we call upon this Advocate, while we have space given us in this life, lest, when we are once dead, there be no hope of salvation left unto us. For as every man sleepeth with his own cause, so every man shall rise again with his own cause. And look in what state he dieth, in the same state he shall be also judged, whether it be to salvation or damnation. Let us not, therefore, dream either of purgatory, or of prayer for the souls of them that be dead: but let us earnestly, and diligently pray for them, which are expressly commanded in holy Scriptures, namely, for Kings and Rulers, for Ministers of God's holy word and sacraments, for the Saints of this world, otherwise called the faithful; to be short, for all

men living, be they never so great enemies to God, and his people, as Jews, Turks, Pagans, Infidels, Heretics, &c. Then shall we truly fulfil the commandments of God in that behalf, and plainly declare ourselves to be the true children of our Heavenly Father, who suffereth the sun to shine upon the good and the bad, and the rain to fall upon the just and the unjust. For which, and all other benefits most abundantly bestowed upon mankind from the beginning, let us give Him hearty thanks as we are most bound, and praise His name for ever and ever—Amen."

To the serious reader, the writer considers himself under no necessity of apologizing for the length of this quotation. He felt himself bound to shew the opinion and judgment of the Church of England on this important subject—and to prove, from her own formularies, what injustice has been recently done to her Protestant character, and her Scriptural declarations. It is evident that our Reformers only

brought us back to the faith of that "one Catholic and Apostolic Church," which Popery had supplanted in this country, and which, in all ages, it is her unceasing object to destroy. And what we find taught in her Homily, is confirmed by the Articles of the Church concerning the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures for Salvation.—"Holy Scripture containeth all things necessary to salvation: so that whatsoever is not read therein, nor may be proved thereby, is not to be required of any man, that it should be believed as an article of faith, or be thought requisite or necessary to salvation."

"Sir Herbert Jenner in his recent judgment in the case of "Breekes v. Wolfrey," tells us, "that the writer of the Homily on prayer only meant to discourage the practice of praying for the dead, and by no means to declare that it is unlawful to pray for them." It is with astonishment that we read such a declaration from the lips of an ecclesiastical judge.—"The Church of England by no means declares that

it is unlawful to pray for the dead!" Then language has lost its meaning. What can be plainer than those express declarations already quoted?-"The gross error of purgatory,"-"Let us not dream that the souls of the dead are at all holpen by our prayers,"-"The only purgatory wherein we must trust to be saved is the death and blood of Christ,"-" This, then, is that purgatory wherein all Christian men put their whole trust and confidence,"-" If this kind of purgatory will not serve them, let them never hope to be released by other men's prayers, though they should continue therein to the world's end,"-" Let us not, therefore, dream either of purgatory, or of prayer for the souls of them that be dead." If such declarations as these are to go for nothing, and we are still to be told that the Church does not declare "it is unlawful to pray for the dead," then we must give up reason and common sense, and believe that it is lawful for us to ask of God those things, of which we

feel persuaded, the order of his moral government absolutely forbids the bestowal; that it is lawful for us to pray for that, which we at the same time firmly believe cannot, in the very nature of things, be granted. The divine Author of our faith commands us to ask, that we may have—to seek, that we may find. But Sir Herbert Jenner's doctrine is, that we may ask for that which we cannot have—and seek for that which we cannot find."

Birt supposing that Sir Herbert Jenner does not mean anything so contradictory as this to these quotations from the Homily, and intends only that the Church does not declare it illegal: how can this be maintained? If it be not unlawful to pray for the dead, then it is lawful for a clergyman to hold doctrines at variance with the articles to which he has subscribed. But would not a clergyman upholding the doctrines of purgatory be liable to the highest censure? Ought he not to be suspended from the functions of his ministry, for contradicting

the plainest declaration of the Article, (xxii) "that the Romish doctrine concerning purgatory is a fond thing, vainly invented, and grounded upon no warranty of Scripture, but rather repugnant to the word of God."

On this ground we are still more astonished at the following assertion of Dr. Pusey, that the Church of England nowhere restrains her children from praying for departed friends.* How lamentable it is to hear such a sentiment from a dignified Ecclesiastic! It is desperate to think that any of the sons whom our Church hath brought up, should prefer the fables of Heathenism, or the dogmas of Popery, to the sound scriptural judgment of a parent, whose authority they profess to revere, and to whose instructions they have again and again subscribed their unfeigned assent. We feel compelled, after reading such a false assertion in the Oxford tracts, so contrary to the words of

^{*} Pusey's " Earnest Remonstrance," forming part of the third volume of "Tracts for the times."

God, and the formularies of our Church, to quote, with sorrow, the words of the Prophet: "This is a rebellious people, lying children, children that will not hear the law of the Lord." (Isaiah xxx. 9.)

But let us now resume our subject, and pass to the consideration of customs, deeply interesting, as they may be traced to those feelings which are common to our nature. For, to die in our own country, and to be buried with our kindred, is a feeling too strong ever to be wholly eradicated from the human breast.

The Patriarch Abraham, when a stranger, and sojourner in the land of Canaan, and whilst indifferent to all other things, ardently desired "the possession of a burying place," where he might deposit the remains of Sarah, his wife, and where his own might rest in hope of a heavenly inheritance. As early as the time of Abraham, the custom of possessing family burial places was already well established; and that it was then not unusual to

provide them before they were actually required, appears by the reply of "the children of Heth" to the request of Abraham, that they would grant him for a burying place one of their unoccupied sepulchres: "Hear us, my lord: thou art a mighty prince among us: in the choice of our sepulchres bury thy dead; none of us shall withhold from thee his sepulchre." (Gen xxiii. 6.) On the situation of the sepulchre which Abraham made choice of, that it was "in the end of the field," one of our old divines has this pious and just remark, "that whatever our possessions are, there is a sepulchre at the end of them;"

" Man's whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone."

But these feelings, which the sons of Heth manifested in no less degree than Abraham himself, and had long been accustomed to act upon, prove that they were not peculiar to the Patriarch, but inherent in the whole family of man. The Patriarch Jacob twice expressed the anxious desire he felt, to be buried with his

fathers, in the land of Canaan: first, to Joseph alone, and afterwards to all his sons together. For when "the time drew nigh that Israel must die: and he called his son Joseph, and said unto him, If now I have found grace in thy sight, put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh, and deal kindly and truly with me; bury me not, I pray thee, in Egypt. But I will lie with my fathers, and thou shalt carry me out of Egypt, and bury me in their burying place. And he said, I will do as thou hast said. And he said, swear unto me. And he sware unto him. And Israel bowed himself upon the bed's head," (Gen. xlvii. 29, 30, 31.) in adoration, and praise to God, for the promise of Canaan; and the solemn assurance he had now received from his son Joseph, of his being buried there with his fathers. Again we find the Patriarch speaking on the same subject, which so deeply interested his feelings, and which, during his abode in Egypt, seemed, of all others, to dwell the most upon his mind; for when on his death

bed, he had blessed all his sons, "he charged them, and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people; bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Ephron the Hittite; there they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah. The purchase of the field, and of the cave that is therein, was from the children of Heth." (Gen. xlix. 29—32.) Thus full and explicit were the last injunctions of the dying Patriarch, when he charged not Joseph alone, but all his sons together, to see that he was buried in the sepulchre of his fathers.

Nor was the Patriarch Joseph himself less concerned respecting the place of his burial, when he "gave commandment concerning his bones," (Heb. xi. 22.) and "took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." (Gen. 1. 25.) Those bones, which he left to them as a certain pledge of their

deliverance, he bound them, with an oath, to deposit in the sepulchre of his fathers; a grave in the dust of Canaan being more precious to him than the noblest sepulchre in the land of Egypt. When the spies went up to search the land, particular mention is made of Hebron, and "they ascended by the south and came unto Hebron." (Numbers xiii. 22.) It was near to the cave of Machpelah, where the patriarchs were buried; and what other spot in all the land of Canaan could so deeply interest their feelings, as the sepulchre of their fathers? of whom they could say, "these all died in faith." (Heb. xi. 13.)

But with all due consideration for the faith of the patriarchs, who looked to Canaan as the inheritance of their children's children, and their earnest desire to rest in its bosom, as the land of promise; they had a strong, natural affection for the burying place of their fathers; an affection, as we have shewn, not peculiar to themselves, nor yet confined to her who said to her mother-in-law, "where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried." (Ruth i. 17.) For when David, grateful for the kindness of the aged Barzillai, invited him to dwell with him at Jerusalem, he pleaded the feelings of his patriarchal forefathers: "Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and of my mother." (2 Sam. xix. 37.)

He had lost all relish for the pleasures of a court; but he had lost none of his regard for the ashes of those whom he once loved; and this one desire still survived the loss of every other, "that he might die in his own city, and be buried by the grave of his father and of his mother!"

"Son of Jesse!—let me go,
Why should princely honours stay me?
Where the streams of Gilead flow,
Where the light first met mine eye,
Thither would I turn, and die:—
Where my parents' ashes lie,
King of Israel! bid them lay me."

Of one and another, it is the oft repeated

record of Scripture, "And he was buried with his fathers," "he slept with his fathers," or "they buried him in the sepulchre of his father;" expressions which seem to denote, that the friends of the deceased had dealt kindly with the dead, and had faithfully fulfilled the last of all his earthly wishes. In the burial of Samson, his friends braved all difficulties and dangers to rescue his body from the Philistines, and inter it with his kindred: "Then his brethren, and all the house of his father came down, and took him, and brought him up, and buried him in the burying place of Manoah his father." (Judges xvi. 31.)

In some instances, it was promised in Scripture, as a mark of the Divine favour, "he shall sleep with his fathers." (Deuteronomy xxxi. 16.) In other cases it was denounced as a judgment: "Thy carcase shall not come unto the sepulchre of thy fathers." (1 Kings xiii. 22.) This was the well-known doom of the disobedient prophet; and Jere-

miah foretold of Pashur, the false prophet, that he, and all his friends to whom he had prophesied, should die in Babylon. (Jeremiah xx. 6.) When any pious king of Judah died, there was nothing wanting, to complete the honour of his burial, if it could be recorded, "that he slept with his fathers, and was buried in the city of David his father." (1 Kings xi. 43.)

Passing over the interval of so many ages, the same affections and passions may now be recognized. The desire of reposing at last with our kindred, and mingling our dust with theirs, is a feeling yet so common in our own country, that the poor man, who cannot purchase to himself "the possession of a burying place," not unfrequently requests that the ground may be unoccupied, till he has been "buried by the grave of his father, and of his mother;" and as it respects the rich, who, like "the sons of Heth," have provided their family sepulchres, we know that no distance is considered too far, no ex-

pense too great, so that they may but rest. at last, in the burial place of their fathers. Nothing can be more descriptive of the funeral procession of a nobleman in our day, conveyed to his burial in his own city, or village, than what is recorded of the Patriarch Jacob, as they carried him out Egypt into Canaan: "And there went up with him both chariots, and horsemen, and it was a very great company." (Gen. 1. 9.) And what feeling is so general to our fellow-countrymen in India, and other distant lands, as their desire to return to their own country, and end the pilgrimage of human life in their own land, and repose at last among their own kindred? The words of Cicero are equally applicable to all nations and all times:

"Magnum est enim eadem habere monumenta, majorum iisdem uti sacris—sepulchra habere communia."

But these observations on the love of our country, as containing the sepulchres of our fathers, would be incomplete, if we here omitted

to notice how affectingly it was pourtrayed in Nehemiah. Amidst the desolations of Jerusalem what occasioned Nehemiah's sorrow of heart? and what was his reply when "the king said unto him, why is thy countenance sad?" It was an appeal to the feelings of the king in common with his own: "Why should not my countenance be sad, when the city, the place of my fathers' sepulchres, lieth waste, and the gates thereof are consumed with fire?" (Nehemiah ii. 2, 3.) By many nations, at that period, and as it appears by the conduct of the King of Chaldea himself, nothing was held more sacred than their fathers' sepulchres; so that when Nehemiah prayed the king to send him into Judea, to build the city of his fathers' sepulchres, the plea was irresistible.

We are now arrived at that part of our subject, which first directed the attention of the writer to this work, the erection of memorials to the dead; and which, from the earliest ages of antiquity, has been customary amongst all

civilized nations, whilst it has not been disregarded by some of the rudest of the human race. Wherever it exists, it may be considered as testifying that regard for the dead, which is honourable to the living. We read of it as far back in the sacred Scriptures as the patriarchal ages; it is a practice, therefore, which antiquity and universal custom have long sanctioned. We cannot say when it began, but of its continuance to the end of time, from its unison with so many of the best feelings of our nature, there can be no doubt. The first mention of it in Scripture is in Gen. xxxv. 19, where we are simply told, that "when Rachel died, and was buried, Jacob set a pillow upon her grave, that is the pillar of Rachel's grave unto this day." "This," observe, "is one of the few places of which the modern traveller feels persuaded that tradition has not erred, as it literally fulfils the words of Israel in his last hour, when dwelling on the only indelible remembrance that earth seemed to claim from him.

The long exile—the converse with the angels of God—the wealth and greatness which had gathered round him, all yield to the image of the loved and faithful wife-" and as for me, when I came from Padan, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan in the way, when yet there was but a little way to come unto Ephrath, and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath: the same is Bethlehem." (Gen. xlviii. 7.) The spot is as wild and solitary as can well be conceived; no palms or cypresses give their shelter from the blast; not a single tree spreads. its shade, where, in the plain of Rephidim, not far from the ruins of the village of Rama. rest the ashes of Rachel, the beautiful mother of Israel. Yet, there is something in this sepulchre in the wilderness that excites a deeper interest than more splendid or revered ones. The tombs of Zacharias and Absalom, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, or of the kings in the plain of Jeremiah, the traveller looks at with careless indifference; beside that of Rachel,

his fancy wanders "to the land of the people of the East," and to those seven years of hard servitude which seemed to the exiled Patriarch "but a few days for the love he had to her." (Gen. xxix. 20.)

The Turks have surrounded most of the principal burial places recorded in the Old Testament, with more pomp and stately observance than this. Over that of David and Solomon, on the declivity of Zion, a mosque is erected; the cave of Machpelah, at Hebron, is covered by a large and ancient mosque, and all around the soil is held inviolable. The cave is in the middle of the interior of the edifice; its dark and deep entrance only is visible, and it is rarely entered, even by the steps of the faithful. For more than a century, not more than two or three Europeans are known, either by daring or bribery, to have visited it; the last was an Italian Count, a traveller, who by paying very high, was allowed by his guides to tread the floor of the mosque, and descend into

the obscurity of the hallowed cavern; this was thirty years since. It is a great pity that so memorable a scene should be closed to the curious eye; the bold valley in which the ancient town of Hebron stands, is often visited by the steps of the pilgrim and the traveller; but the penalty of death to every Christian who enters within the walls of the mosque, is too dear a payment for the gratification of seeing the cave of Machpelah. The cave is said by the Turks to be deep and very spacious, cut out of the solid rock, and that the resting places of the celebrated patriarchs still exist, and are plainly to be discerned.

"The tribute paid, however, by the followers of the false prophet, to the burial-place of Rachel, is far more sincere and impressive than walls of marble and gilded domes. The desire which the Turks feel that their ashes may rest near hers, is singular and extreme; all round this simple tomb lie thickly strewn the graves of the Mahometans.

"It is a scene of no common interest, when a funeral train issues from the gate of the city. and passing slowly over the plain of Rephidim, draws nigh the lonely sepulchre, with an earnest desire that the parent, or child, whose remains they bear, may sleep in a spot so venerated. Was a Jew to cross the procession at this moment, he would be treated with deep curses, and looks of hatred and scorn, by the very people who are about to kneel around the ashes of one of his ancestors. Deeply fallen nation! forbidden even to draw near or bow down at the place that is full of the remembrance of its ancient greatness. So rigidly are the Jews excluded from entering the monument, that the four arches which support the simple dome has been filled up. The band of mourners stand round the place, and the turban is lowered to the earth, while the funeral wail passes over the solitary waste.

"No slender pillars of wood or stone, with inscriptions in letters of gold, are here; not a

cypress, not a single memorial, which this people are otherwise so fond of erecting in their cemetries. It seems to be sufficient, that they are placed beneath the favourite sod; and small and numerous mounds, over which the survivor comes and weeps, mark the places of the grave. If it be beautiful in the splendid cemetery of Pere la Chaise, to see the widow or orphan planting flowers over the ashes of the departed, and bathing them with their tears, it is surely more impressive to see the Oriental, in his simple and flowing garb, like that worn, perhaps, in patriarchal ages, mourning over the lonely grave in the wilderness, where human pride and vanity cannot come."—Carne's Recollections of Travels in the East.

Profane authors, as well as sacred, have written of the prevailing custom of raising memorials to the dead. To say nothing of the Pyramids of Egypt, the labour of 100,000 men for twenty years; or of the discoveries of Belzoni, which some years since attracted so much

attention, and whose models and drawings of ancient sepulchres were visited by thousands; many nations have been remarkable for their costly sepulchres, adorned with all the devices which the art of man could execute. Many tombs in the East, with their lofty domes, resemble the most magnificent temples. Memorials alluding to particular transactions in the lives of eminent men, have been frequently made use of to adorn their tombs. The practice is ancient as well as modern, and will continue to call forth the skill of the sculptor as long as monuments are erected to record the charity of the philanthropist—the deep researches of the philosopher-or the heroic deeds of the warrior, and the moral triumphs of the Christian. It is asserted by several of the Jewish writers, that an image of the sun was engraven on Joshua's sepulchre, in memory of that famous day, when "the sun stood still," till he had completed his victory. In the book of Joshua, it is recorded that "he

was buried in the border of his inheritance in Timnath-serah;" (Joshua xxiv. 30.) afterwards called in the book of Judges, ii. 9, Timnathheres, " or the image of the sun, from such a memorial having been placed on his grave." The earliest specimens of inscriptions on monuments, are found in Grecian histories. That they were common amongst the Romans there is no doubt. In the pictorial History of England, there is an engraving of a tombstone which the inscription proves, was erected to a young Roman physician. It was found in the wall built by the Emperor Severus, about A. D. 214, at Housestead, in Northumberland. Among the Turks, Dellany informs us, "that the inscriptions, which are generally short sentences from the Koran, are delicately wrought in raised letters of gold on a dark ground, and that the tombs of the men are known by turbans, which, like coronets with us, denote the rank of the deceased, whilst those of the women are plain."

Whether the sepulchres of the Jewish Kings bore any devices or inscriptions, we have no certain record; but as we know there was an inscription on the sepulchre of one of the Prophets, we may reasonably infer that a practice, which was so likely to be universal, was not confined to one sepulchre alone.

When King Josiah was effecting the religious reformation of his country, and was taking the bones out of the sepulchres, that he might burn them on the idolatrous altar at Beth-el, and pollute it, it would seem that he was directed to them by their inscriptions:—
"Then he said, what title is that, that I see?" And the men of the city told him, it is the sepulchre of the man of God which came from Judah, and proclaimed those things that thou hast done; and he said, let him alone, let no man move his bones. So they let his bones alone, with the bones of the Prophet that came out of Samaria." (2 Kings xxiii. 17, 18.) The following inscription, having long been very

common among the Jews, "Here we have laid the body, but trusting that the soul is bound up in the bundle of life, with the Lord our God." (1 Sam. xxv. 29.) there can be no doubt, from their peculiar and unvaried practices from age to age, that it is but the continuation of one of their most ancient customs.

But from the monuments of antiquity, let us now proceed to the consideration of the subject more immediately before us—the inscriptions of our own times: Of these the most common are the most important, because their influence is more extensive and general.

The Churchyard itself is an object of at-

"The dead how sacred!—Sacred is the dust
Of this heav'n-laboured form, erect, divine!
This heaven assumed majestic robe of Earth
HB deigned to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and clothed the sun in gold."

To the serious and contemplative mind, no place is more congenial to its feelings, than that, where in the silence and darkness of the grave, rest the slumbering remains of successive generations. It is a sacred spot, where, from the scenes of mortality with which we are surrounded, the most useful lessons may be learned. 'It is here, that the mind is most deeply impressed with the nothingness of all earthly possessions, and the vanity of all worldly distinctions. It is

"Here, contemplation plumes her ruffled wings, And soars to worlds on high."

It is that spot to which so many, like the pious Hervey, feel themselves intuitively led, and love to linger, amongst so many memorials of the dead. Mr. Hervey having alighted at a village, where he was unexpectedly detained on a journey, thus writes: "I took a walk, to the churchyard; the doors of the Church, like the heaven to which they lead, were wide open, and readily admitted an unworthy stranger. Pleased with the opportunity, I resolved to spend a few minutes under the sacred roof." To the serious thoughts

which there arose in his mind, whilst he read "the memorials of a promiscuous multitude," we are indebted for those "meditations" which have been productive of so much good.

There is no place which the Christian moralist feels more disposed to visit, than the silent repositories of the dead; and the effect which it had on the mind of the celebrated Addison is thus beautifully expressed: "When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow; when I see kings lying by the side of those who deposed them-when I consider rival wits and statesmen placed side by side, or the hely men who divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind; when

I read the several dates of the tombs, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make an appearance together."

When age, and disappointment, and repeated strokes of affliction had deeply affected the mind of the sublime author of the "Night Thoughts," he used often to meditate in his churchyard; and what can surpass the sublimity of his thoughts on "Death, Time, and Eternity," but those on the "Amazing Price," "The Ransom Paid," for our redemption. To those few who are wont to follow his example, we may apply his words:—

"The man how blest, who sick of gaudy scenes Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk, Beneath deaths gloomy, silent, cypress shade. Unpierced by vanity's fantastic ray:

To read his monuments,—to weigh his dust,—Visit his vaults—and dwell among the tombs!—Few orators so tenderly can touch

The feeling heart."

Not only to such minds as those which distinguished a Young, an Addison, or a Hervey, but to many a serious Christian of far humbler name, the churchyard has afforded matter for serious meditation. And here we must not omit to mention, with what feelings of piety and devotion Legh Richmond looked upon his churchyard, and with what admirable wisdom he improved it, to the edification of his young cottagers.

"Sometimes I sent the young children to the various stones which stood at the head of the graves, and bid them learn the epitaphs inscribed upon them. I took pleasure in seeing the little ones thus dispersed in the churchyard, each committing to memory a few verses written in commemoration of the departed. They would soon accomplish the desired object, and eagerly return to me, ambitious to repeat their task."

"Thus my churchyard became a book of instruction, and every grave-stone a leaf of edification for my young disciples."

When death has dissolved our connexion with some, who were endeared to us by many

ties, we cannot but revere the spot wherein they rest, and where we expect, ere long, to mingle our dust with theirs. It is when "the house appointed for all living" has become the "long home" of our dearest kindred, that we can adopt the language of the Poet:—

"How much I love that hallowed spot,
Where screened from mortal eye,
The dear remains of those we've lost,
In shrouded stillness lie.
There, unobserved I like to stand,
And think on those below;
There find a solace to my grief,
Though silent tears will flow."

Nothing can be more natural to bereaved Christians, than to feel a veneration for the ground, in which, as precious seed, they have "sown in corruption" those, that shall ere long, "be raised in incorruption;" and it is there, that in our solemn musings, "we look on men as autumn leaves," and "scarce believe we still survive." To the heavenly-minded Christian no place ought to be more in unison with his reflecting mind, than the "country churchyard;" especially when it

is one of those sequestered spots where "the silent shade, the calm retreat," invite us to the contemplation of death and eternity, and where the stillness of all around us, is in perfect harmony with the silence and solemnity of the tomb. If there be one material object more revolting to our feelings than another, it is a crowded churchyard in the midst of all the noise and bustle of a populous city. Whereas, in the solemn stillness of some beautiful and sequestered churchyard, with its dark yew trees and little green hillocks, there appears to be every thing in unison with our last sleep; and there, remote from the busy and distracting scenes of life, we seem invited to retire, and learn in silence among the dead, those lessons which are of such infinite concern to the living. Of such a description as this, is the Churchyard of Fenny Drayton, in Leicestershire. Perhaps a churchyard so small, and surrounded with eight and twenty such large yew trees, is not to be seen

in this or any other country. As the branches meet, and with their dark and impervious foliage exclude the rays of the sun, they seem as it were, to encurtain the bed of death, and such an effect is produced on the mind of the musing and solitary stranger, as is hardly to be surpassed in any other spot; and as he retires, with a slow and lingering step, we may almost imagine we hear him saying,

Where shadows the sepulchral yew,
Where droops the willow tree,
Where the green turf is filled with dew,
There make a grave for me.
Where passers by at evening's close,
Will pause beside my grave,
And moralize on that repose
With which life's day must close.

Among the many hallowed impressions which a residence in a foreign and far distant land cannot obliterate, are those which are associated with the memory of our native church-yards. How many are there who can testify that no spot ever recurred so frequently to their minds, or, with a sigh, brought back their affections so powerfully to their country, as that

sacred spot, with which they felt an alliance which it was not possible for time or distance to sever. The following lines are beautifully descriptive of the anticipations of one who, after years of absence, is returning at last to his native home:—

"What rapture! when I first shall view,
My native hills in distant blue,
And see the lovely spire arise
In village smoke amid the skies;
Then, let me tread the foot-worn way,
And pensive through the Churchyard stray,
O'er friend, and kindred heave a sigh,
That 'neath their lowly hillocks lie;
Their humble virtues there peruse,
Recorded by the rustic muse."

Whilst some few are led to the churchyard by devotion, to meditate among the tombs, and there,

"Walk thoughtful on the silent solemn shore, Of that vast ocean we must sail so soon."

Many are induced by feelings of affection to visit the grave of an endeared relative, or a lamented friend. There, too, the serious stranger may be seen indulging his meditations among the tombs, which have been raised to the memory of the dead, by the affection of surviving friends; and should the pious traveller on his journey, have but a few minutes to spare, we may feel assured that he will take his solitary walk in the churchyard, where there is so much to remind him, that he is but a stranger and pilgrim on the earth. The following simple lines will probably recal to the mind of the reader, the remembrance of moments which have been thus spent:—

"My chaise the village Inn did gain,
Just as the setting sun's last ray,
Tipped with refulgent gold, the vane
Of the old Church, across the way;
Across the way I silent sped,
The time till supper to beguile,
In moralizing o'er the dead,
That mouldered round the ancient pile;
There many a humble green grave showed
Where want, and pain, and toil did rest;
And many a flattering stone I viewed,
O'er those who once had wealth possessed."

And what are the objects, that usually engage our attention, after having examined the architecture of the Church? Are they not the memorials of the dead? And, in the grief that

is expressed, do we not often participate, from having ourselves experienced a similar loss? And when our own age and circumstances correspond with those of the dead, a warning voice from heaven seems to admonish us of the short space that intervenes between the cradle and the grave, nor can we avoid the solemn inquiry?

"What cause have we to build on length of life?"

Amidst the universal ravages of death, who is there that has not lost a friend? one, at least, over whom he has sighed, "alas! my brother;" and who is there, as he treads upon "the dust" which "has been alive," that can be unmindful of his own mortality, if he have within him the holy principles of a Christian, or even the tender sensibilities of a man? Besides the pensive stranger, or the mere casual visitor, and those who before the service begins, may be seen on a fine Sabbath morn, going from grave to grave, to read the inscription on the stone, which marks a neighbours resting-place,

there may not unfrequently be seen, in mournful attire, those who are come "to the grave to weep," and of whom we may hope that "in the day of adversity" they will be led to "con-In such an hour, when they feel themselves allied to the dust, and view the grave as their dwelling-place, when sorrow is renewed and the heart is softened, who can say what may be the piercing effect of some solemn admonition, or what the balm of some word of consolation? And when we reflect that there are persons who have traced their first serious impressions to the reading of an epitaph, surely their importance claims to be considered, and too much attention cannot be paid to their composition.

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies."

To those who are in the habit of visiting our churchyards, and are best acquainted with inscriptions in general, it has long been a matter of regret, that they are not of a character to interest the feelings, or impress the

heart. To say nothing of the gross literary errors which meet the eye, or of epitaphs which do not inculcate one moral truth, or instil one pious sentiment; too often, alas! unscriptural sentiments are deeply engraven on the monumental stone, and from being expressed in verse, they are the more easily remembered, and more deeply engraven on the mind; and not unfrequently are they so situated as to be learnt almost involuntarily. If any unscriptural sentiment be admitted, and that too, under the supposed sanction of the incumbent minister, it is impossible to say how far its pernicious influence may extend, or, of what evils it may be productive: It will be transcribed from churchyard to churchyard, and be perpetuated from one generation to another, by persons too ignorant to detect its inconsistency with divine truth, or too careless to reflect with seriousness, on the guilt and danger of thus inculcating error.

Dr. Johnson was of opinion "that epitaphs, as a species of composition, had been sadly overlooked;" that too little attention had been paid to their composition to give them a salutary influence on society.

All such useless and hackneyed inscriptions as
"Afflictions sore, long time I bore," &c.

ought to be avoided, as they are apt to disgust by their unmeaning repetition; and such as are unscriptural, ought to be expressly prohibited. The following epitaph, in Carisbrook Churchyard, which is read by multitudes, cannot be too severely censured:—

"God takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
And leaves the bad, too bad to take away."

What can be more false or presumptuous than such a reflection—such a judgment pronounced by man on the unsearchable wisdom of God, and his inscrutable moral government? Such an epitaph, soon learnt, easily remembered, and quickly recited on all occasions, becomes too generally believed; and such a

falsehood handed down to posterity, is quoted by survivors as a consolatory truth, which they have a right to apply to themselves on the loss of every relative; just as if death were an infallible proof of all that is good, and life of every thing which is bad. If such, indeed, were the divine procedure what, alas! would become of "the salt of the earth," and "the lights of the world?" The salt would soon be taken away, and every "burning and shining light" would be instantly extinguished. And what shall we say to the following inscription in Barnwell Churchyard?

"He lived and died a true Christian, He loved his friends, and hated his enemies."

If it be pleaded "that such an inscription, so contrary to the principles and precepts of the Gospel, was never seen by the clergyman till, with feelings of regret, he first saw it in his churchyard," we reply that he might and ought to have seen it, and then, the consecrated ground committed to his charge, would never

have been desecrated with anything so antichristian. To these, others might be added alike false and unscriptural; and whilst many sad examples might here be given of epitaphs disgusting for their levity and profaneness, a volume might be filled with inscriptions of the most useless character. In too many of our churchyards the bee might as well go from stone to stone in quest of honey, as the reader expect to be refreshed or consoled with the sweetness of divine truth. It is quite wearisome to read the numerous inscriptions which afford neither pleasure nor profit; and too frequently do our lingering feet conduct us to those, which only occasion feelings of regret, whereas they ought to inspire devout affections, and cause us to exclaim, "It is good for us to be here," amidst so many solemn memorials of the dead, and so many serious addresses to the living.

"To THE INCUMBENT," says Sir Herbert Jenner. "BELONGS THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF THE CHURCH AND CHURCHYARD, AND IT IS HIS
DUTY TO TAKE CARE THAT NO INSCRIPTIONS BE
PLACED THERE, WHICH CAN BE MADE THE
MEANS OF DISSEMINATING DOCTRINES INCONSISTENT WITH THOSE OF THE ESTABLISHED
RELIGION."

The churchyard is as much his freehold as the church itself; and with such just and legal authority, he is quite as responsible in the sight of God and man, for what is taught in the one as the other; and if, through any supineness or indifference, he suffers the dumb stone to "teach lies," and to inculcate doctrines at variance with the word of God, and the formularies of our church, it is impossible for him to vindicate his conduct, or exculpate himself from the evils which may follow his unfaithfulness.

The fear of giving offence is groundless and unreasonable. What just cause of offence can be taken against a clergyman for the faithful and conscientious discharge of a ministerial duty? If it be known to the parishioners that

their minister requires every inscription to be submitted to him, in order to prevent anything irreligious or ridiculous, from finding its way into his churchyard, who is there that can call in question, the propriety of his conduct, or will venture to censure his pastoral fidelity? After an experience of more than three-and-twenty years in a large and populous parish, the writer can testify that there is nothing to apprehend from the mild and judicious exercise of a right, which the laws of our country, and the obligations of our ministry, impose. Though many inscriptions have been rejected by him, he cannot recollect a single instance in which any offence was taken. It may, indeed, so happen that the person about to put up an objectionable memorial would be the last person in the parish, to wound the feelings of his minister, or mislead the souls of his neighbours, by attributing to "IMPARTIAL FATE!" those issues of life and death which alone belong unto the Lord; but from want of education, or from a lament-

able ignorance of divine truth, he may be unequal to the task of providing a suitable inscription. In such cases, all we have to do is, kindly to point out, wherein the inscription submitted to us is objectionable, and to let it appear from our manner that we are not acting from mere caprice—that we are not exercising an unreasonable or arbitrary authority, but that all our desire is simply this; that what is inscribed to the memory of the dead, should be calculated to instruct, admonish, or console the living. Nothing should ever be permitted that can tend to create a smile, where all ought to be serious, much less, should anything be read, that can possibly excite the sneer of scorn, or the laughter of derision. Great responsibility attaches to every parochial clergyman; for there is no evil connected with the subject of monumental inscriptions, which it is not in the power of the clergy to remedy; but when rejecting an epitaph, it is most desirable that they should have a better to offer-an offer, the acceptance of which, the writer never knew any one decline,—on the contrary, it was always gratefully accepted.

To relieve his clerical brethren from the painful necessity of searching a variety of authors for suitable inscriptions, it has been the writer's endeavour to furnish them with a work, in which will be found epitaphs adapted to every case of bereavement. He flatters himself also, that this little volume will be found a valuable addition to the christian's library, as the contents of it cannot fail to interest his feelings, and deepen the serious impressions of his mind. It has long occupied the time and attention of the writer; and though very far from being executed with that ability he could have wished, for a work of such acknowledged utility and importance, he has the happiness of reflecting, that, instead of doing nothing but indulge in fruitless lamentations over the epitaphs which have too long disgraced our churchyards, he has done what he could to remedy the evil, which has been so long, so justly, and so universally complained of.

Though very materially assisted by the improved poetry of the present day, yet greater difficulties were found than were ever anticipated, and much more time, and labour, and research, than it was supposed such a work could require. It would be quite unreasonable to expect that so many epitaphs should be all equally good, particularly when it is considered from what numerous and various sources they have been selected, and from the alterations which it was necessary many of them should undergo. All that the writer ventures to hope is, that they will be found truly scriptural, and that there will be but little in the harmony of the verses that can possibly offend the ear of the christian poet, whose eye and heart are upon the truth. For a work undertaken for the public good, and attended with so much difficulty, we may surely deprecate the severity of criticism, and claim some little indulgence for defects, of

which the writer is not insensible. Bearing in mind that all monumental inscriptions "should be characterized by poetic beauty-by good sense-by tender feeling-and that harmony with the scriptures which is essential to religious truth; and that all the works of this kind which have been hitherto published, have rather disappointed public expectation, proves that the writer ventured to engage in a work he could never expect would be found perfect. But he could not urge his clerical brethren, to the persevering and conscientious discharge of an important duty, without, at least, attempting to give them all the assistance in his power, and he trusts his design will be approved, whatever defects may appear in its execution.

Of the various inscriptions which will be found in this work, and of which so very few have ever appeared as Epitaphs, some are to be read as expressing the feelings of surviving friends, and others as a warning voice from the

tomb—the voice of one "who being dead yet speaketh." Whilst not a few are reflections on the shortness of time—the duration of eternity—the uncertainty of life—the nearness of death—the worth of the soul—and the importance of true religion.

But the writer must here remark, that he devoted no small portion of time, in collecting and arranging the numerous texts of scripture suitable for monumental inscriptions, confident that they could not fail of forming the most useful and important part of his design. The practise of resorting to Scripture for epitaphs is to be highly commended: for where indeed shall we find such a treasury? It is one, from which, in the very language of inspiration itself, we can draw materials suited to every age, condition, and circumstance of life. For example, when a widowed parent inscribed on the tomb of her son, the following simple passage from the narrative in St. Luke, vii. 12.-"He was the only son of his mother, and she

was a widow;" what other words could so briefly and affectingly have described her state of desolation, or have conveyed such an idea of the extent of her bereavement?

With a little care and trouble on the part of the clergy, inscriptions, and especially those from scripture, might be so arranged as to be productive, under a divine influence, of the most beneficial effects. An awful threatening on one stone, might be followed by a gracious invitation on another-a denunciation of divine justice might be alleviated with some reviving promise of mercy—and a text on the vanity of earthly things, might be succeeded by one, reminding us of the glory and immutability of those which are heavenly. does a text of scripture appear so strikingnever is it read with more effect, than when it requires no other comment than the scene of mortality with which it is surrounded. Texts of scripture have also this superiority over all other inscriptions, that we are never wearied by

their repetition; what, though it has been read an hundred times over, yet it is still a welcome truth, and one that will ever call forth the thankful adoration of the christian, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." Rev. xiv. 13.

But from whatever source it may be derived, whether the inscription be divine or human, in verse or prose, it is of the utmost consequence that it should be as free as possible from all flattering commendations, which only tend to excite painful reflections, and perhaps lead to the mention of some circumstances connected with the life of the deceased, which but for the folly of friends, blinded by their affection, would probably have never been mentioned. It may, therefore, be laid down as an axiom "that it is better to say a great deal too little than one word too much," leaving it to the judgment of others to supply any omission." And here let me advise that no clergyman be discouraged from attempting to reform his churchyard, because through the negligence of his prede-

cessor, he may find many epitaphs of a very exceptionable kind, for it is the more necessary to counteract their influence by some of a better character. As it respects some which ought not to have been admitted, there is this consolation, that time will soon obliterate them, and it is easy to prevent their being restored; and thus after a while they may all be superseded by inscriptions, the excellency of which will insure their perpetuity, and reward our fidelity. How delightful is it to the serious Christian to enter a churchyard, and find that the vigilance and care of the clergyman has made it auxiliary to the work of the ministry, by inscriptions which warn the young-alarm the thoughtless-guide the devout-cheer the disconsolate,—and teach all, as they mourn the dead, to seek their happiness in the living God!

Why should not the retired cemetery or the sequestered churchyard, be rendered one of the most inviting places for devotional retirement and serious meditation? Why should not

every churchyard "become a book of instruction, and every gravestone a leaf of edification?" Why should not the monumental stone, as well as the pulpit, direct us to "behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world?" We are all dying creatures; the sentence of death has been passed on all: why then should not the memorials for the dead point us to Jesus, "the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead?" And while the sculptured stone records the vanities of earth, and the shortness of time, why should it not also make mention of the glories of heaven and the joys of eternity? that those who delay or linger in their course, may be excited "to press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus," and "so to run that they may obtain." Let the ministers of our church awake to a sense of their responsibility in this matter, and then we may confidently anticipate that each memorial to the dead will be a suitable address to the living.



INSCRIPTIONS.

DESIGNED TO MEET THE EYE, AND ARREST THE ATTENTION, ON ENTERING A CHURCHYARD.

1.

Stranger! welcome to this sacred spot; the last In nature's course, the first in wisdom's thought.

2.

Stay thy foot, who wand'rest here,
Among these sad, sepulchral shades,
Death, fast approaching, may be near,
And then how soon thy glory fades!
Behold, vain man! in every tomb,
Thine own, unerring, certain doom;
Repent, believe, the hour is near,
When thou in dust must moulder here!

Here sleep the dead—how fast they sleep!
The marriage peal rings out—the funeral knell
Saddens our hearts—they neither ask, nor care for
whom.

No news from their dark world they ever tell, Nor any seek from ours, to cheer its gloom. How brief the time, for us, on earth to dwell; Our world's death's empire, and our home's the tomb.

4.

What cause has man to build on length of life!—
Be death your theme, in every place, and hour;

* * No longer need
A brother's tomb to tell you, you must die.

5.

Time 'tis a hands breadth, 'tis a tale,
'Tis a vessel under sail;
'Tis a short-lived, fading flower,
'Tis a rainbow in a shower;
'Tis a momentary ray,
Smiling in a summer's day;
'Tis a torrents rapid stream,
'Tis a vision, 'tis a dream;
'Tis an eagle in its flight,
Mocking its pursuers sight;
'Tis a bubble, 'tis a sigh,
Be prepared, O man! to die.

'Tis well to stand where others sleep, In death's still, dreamless slumber, And 'mid the silence, lone and deep, Thine own fleet moments number.

7.

May God awake thy fears: teach Thee thy days to number, and to apply Thy trembling heart to wisdom.

8.

And dost thou, stranger, come to gaze
On sculptured records widely spread!
Or search about for human praise,
So vainly lavished on the dead!
Alas! this stone shall only tell,
That mortal dust lies here below;
But in you world above, for ever dwell
The souls redeemed from everlasting woe.

9.

Be wise, nor make Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance; O! be wise, Nor make a curse of immortality.

INTRODUCTORY INSCRIPTIONS.

4

10.

Here now may this truth come home to thy heart,
Who art come to reflect, how life's glories depart;
Man's visions are baseless—his hopes but a gleam—
His staff but a reed—and his life but a dream.
Here learn to look up—divine prospects allure
To scenes that can fade not—to realms that endure;
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime,
O'er sickness, and death, and the ruins of time.

11.

These graves around of every size, Bid thee, with warning voice, "be wise;" Delay no more—to Jesus fly, For grace to live—for grace to die.

12.

Wake holy thought! while here I muse, and tread The ground thus hallowed by the silent dead. Time was, their ashes lived—and time shall be, When others thus shall stand, and muse on me; Awake, then, O my soul! true wisdom learn, Nor till to-morrow, thy great work adjourn.

13.

For the dead how vain to pray. All whose hopes have passed away; Now's the time to offer prayer, Now, to make thy soul thy care.

Why, stranger, dost thou wander here!
Is it to drop a mournful tear,
And weep o'er man's decay!—
Oh! hear the warning voice we give;
Hear! and, henceforth, learn to live.
Thou, too, must lose thy fleeting breath,
And sink into the arms of death;
Must take thy place with us to rot,
Alike forgetting, and forgot,
No longer dare delay;
The Judge is near; and near, thy final hour,
Oh! stranger, go, repent, and sin no more.

15.

Here come, and seek the calm and silent shade, And rise in faith, beyond the bounds of time; With softened heart, here think upon the dead, And raise thy thoughts to heaven's eternal clime.

16.

Here, mortal man, behold thy doom, And now learn wisdom from the tomb; Darkness and silence here impart, A lesson which should reach thy heart; "That in the dust thou soon must rest, And none but saints with Christ are blest."

Why all this toil, for triumphs of an hour?— What though men wade in wealth, or soar in fame? Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies," And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest songs.

18.

"What avail High titles, high descent, attainments high, If unattained our highest" hope,—the hope Of life and immortality!

19.

"Believe, and shew the reason of a man: Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God: Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb."

20.

Art thou not here reminded of thy grave?
Then, why not think of death, and set thy heart
On life?

21.

Where is the dust that has not been alive!

* * * Man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

How numerous are the mouldering dead, How fast men's lives decline; Soon may thy tombstone here be read, Who now art reading mine.

23.

How swift your moments steal away, E'en while you speak they fly;— Be wise, and seize the passing day: And only live to die.

24.

Stay, reader, stay, one thoughtful moment stay, And learn the tenure of thy fleeting day; Read in these heaps, a certain proof to thee, That time's the portal of eternity.

25. ·

Earthly friends are taken away, but our heavenly father liveth—gourds wither, but the tree of life flourishes—the cisterns are broken, but the fountain remains entire—worldly prosperity is lost, but the heavenly inheritance is safe—death comes, but the believer is then gathered to his own people, and enters his native home.

The wirlwind cannot break our sleep, Whilst here entombed we lie, Nor earth, nor hell, our ashes keep, When summoned to the sky.

27.

"One eye on death and one full fixed on heaven, Becomes a mortal, and immortal man."

28.

While sinks the day, and shadows gather round, Muse, pensive stranger, on this hallowed ground; Survey these graves, and e'er thou take thy rest, Seek Christ, in whom alone thou canst be blest.

29.

And dost thou, reader, wandering forth alone, Require to know for whom was raised this stone! This stone was here in friendship raised for *thee*, Raised to remind thee of ETERNITY!

30.

All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond Is substance: How solid all, where change shall be no more.

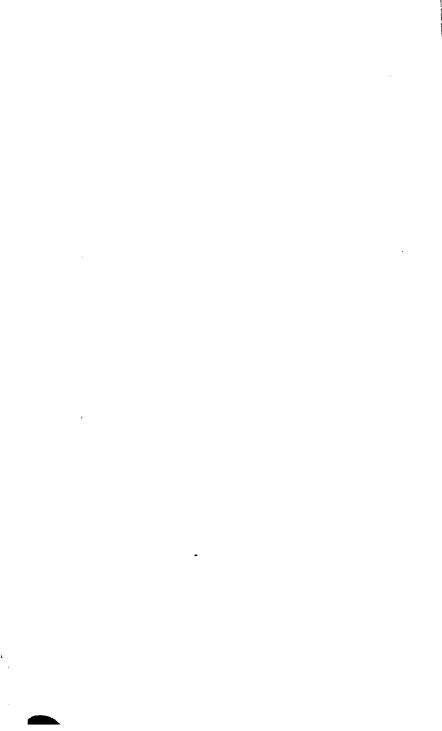
Oh! sinner, stand awhile, and think,
Before you further go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe!
Be not thou a trifler still,
Nor pursue thy stubborn will;
Folly's path pursue no more,
Nor waste in sin the passing hour;
Heaven bids thee live, the voice obey,
Salvation seek without delay.

32.

These hillocks green, and mouldering bones, These gloomy tombs, and lettered stones, One admonition here supply, Reader, "be thou prepared to die."

33.

Whoe'er thou art that mournest here,
Refrain, nor drop the falling tear:
 "Weep not for us,"
The slumbering dead are past relief,
Vain are thy prayers, and vain thy grief:
Our state is fixed beyond repair,
In joys eternal, or in dark despair.
 "Weep for thyself."
In floods of grief, thy sins deplore,
Here faith and prayer avail no more.



INFANCY.

34.

O passing stranger, call this not A place of dreary gloom: I love to linger near this spot, It is my infant's tomb. And when the sun and moon shall fade, My infant shall arise, In brighter beams than theirs arrayed, And reign beyond the skies.

35.

I cannot tell what form is his,
What looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns
His shining seraph brow.
But I know (for God hath told me this,)
That he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be,
On their Saviour's loving breast.

When lovely infants yield their breath, And sweetly fall asleep in death, Who would on earth prolong their stay, From realms of everlasting day!

37.

Mourn not an infant's early doom, But chase your tears away, The lovely flower's gone to bloom, In everlasting day.

38.

See! the bud so rudely torn, Blooming in the land of rest; See! the lamb from suffering borne, Resting in the Shepherd's breast.

39.

Go to thy sleep, my child, Go to thy dreamless bed, Through Jesus undefiled, With blessings on thy head: Before thy heart hath learned In frowardness to stray: Before thy feet hath turned The dark, and downward way.

Here an infant lies asleep, Can we o'er its slumbers weep! Now from sin, for ever free, Now for ever, Lord, with thee.

41.

See! how soon the flowers of life decay, How soon terrestrial beauty fades away, This star of comfort, for a moment given, Just rose on earth, then set to rise in heaven. His* soul redeemed from sin, released from pain, What is our loss, but his eternal gain?

42.

Our floweret was transplanted by an angel; the winged messenger of the Almighty gently removed it from the soil wherein it grew, bore it to the regions of immortality, and planted it in the paradise of God.

43.

Sweet babes! how transient was your stay, How soon from earth ye passed away; But faith and hope can trace your flight, To realms of joy, and pure delight.

If death only removes our children to a world of perfect happiness, why should we lament their departure from a world of sin and sorrow?

45.

No ill our babe can reach—it rests above, Safe in the bosom of redeeming love.

46.

Why weepest thou! the infant is not dead, It softly slumbers in its lowly bed; Jesus will tend with care the precious clay, Till the bright morn—the resurrection day.

47.

Go suffering babe, to Jesus go,
And join the choir above;
Thy covenant God has called thee hence,
To his eternal love.

48.

Death may the bonds of life unloose, But not dissolve Christ's love; Millions of infant souls compose His family above.

If once so fair, O view me now,
No painful cry—no frown;
In Christ is joy—I sparkling shine,
A jewel in his crown.

50.

Dear to their parents—to their God more dear, Three lovely infants, sweetly slumber here; Blest is their lot—from sin and sorrow free, To us they're dead—but now they live with THEE.

51.

Our child that moulders in the tomb,
Was beautiful from birth;
We fondly thought to see her bloom,
A lovely flower on earth.
But she was born for better things,
The high decree was given,
And holy angels stooped their wings,
And wafted her to heaven.

52.

O that the storm which scattereth, Each earth-born hope away, Might anchor those of holier birth, On God, my rock and stay.

Early removed from sins relentless power, See here, secured from storms, a tender flower. Sleep on, sweet child, high heaven's all gracious king, Hath to eternal summer changed thy spring.

54.

But why in anguish weep? Hope beams upon my view; 'Tis but a winter's sleep, My flower shall spring anew; Oh! this is blest relief! My fainting heart it cheers, It cools my burning grief, And sweetens all my tears.

55.

Blest infant! whilst we trace thy flight, Must we not own that "all is right?" How can we say that wisdom erred, Who view thee to a throne preferred!

56.

Wherefore should I make my moan,
Now the darling child is dead!
He to early rest is gone,
He to Paradise is fled.
I shall go to him; but he
Never shall return to me.

When called to yield an only son, The faithful patriarch obeyed, Thus, Lord! we yield this blossom fair, To the dark grave's mysterious power; Assured that, after withering there, It will re-bloom a brighter flower.

58.

Sweet babe!* it was a Saviour's love, Which called thee to the realms above; How can we murmur, or repine, That such felicity is thine!—

59.

Why weepest thou! the fragrant lovely flower Which did but open for a short-lived hour, Hath been transplanted to a better soil, Far from a world of sorrow, sin, and toil.

60.

The child you mourn is now in heaven, Removed for reasons wise, And thus another tie is given, To bind you to the skies.

* Or Dear Child.

God forbad his longer stay;
God recalled the precious loan;
God hath taken him away
From my bosom to his own:
Surely what he wills is best,
Whose will's my joy, peace, and rest.

62.

Faith proclaims, "It is the Lord,"
Let him do as seems him good,
Be thy holy name adored,
Take the gift awhile bestowed—
Take this child, no longer mine,
Thine he is, for ever thine.

63.

Happy infant! early blest, Rest—in peaceful slumbers rest; Early rescued from the cares, Which increase with growing years.

64.

When time shall reach its final hour, Thou wilt arise, a fairer flower; No more to droop, no more to die, But bloom, unfading in the sky.

Oh! when a mother meets on high The babe she lost in infancy, Hath she not then for pains and fears, The day of woe, the watchful night, For all her sorrows, all her tears, An over-payment of delight?

66.

Think on the ills, the pains of human life— The cares that rack, and vex the human breast; Think on this fleeting, transitory world, Think on thy infant's peaceful, happy rest, And whilst faith views him in the realms above, With calm submission think, that, "God is love."

67.

Sweet babes!* we trace your upward flight To realms of everlasting light; There, there to reign in bliss supreme, Jesus, your everlasting theme.

68.

And hast Thou called me to resign What most I prized !—it ne'er was mine; I only yield Thee what was thine.

* Or, Children we trace, &c.

Yes, thou art gone, and saints a welcome sing, As thy blest spirit soars on angel's wings: Our blind affection might have wished thy stay; The voice of God has called HIS child away; Like Samuel, early in the temple found, Sweet rose of Sharon—plant of holy ground, Oh, more than Samuel blest, to thee 'tis given, The God he served on earth, to serve in heaven.

70.

Why weepest thou? thy child has reached that shore, Whence life's tempestuous sea, is sailed no more; His* little bark has anchored in that bay, Where all is one, serene, eternal day.

71.

It is selfish to complain, when the highest happiness of our children has been attained; and it is perverse to murmur, when our best prayers have been answered, in their early translation to heaven.

72.

Weep not for us, in Christ we rest, Thus early, and for ever blest; Praise "the good shepherd," sing his love, Who bore us to his fold above.

Shall parents shed the ceaseless tear,
And heave the deep desponding sigh,
When God translates their offspring dear,
To bright abodes in yonder sky?
Rather—their voices let them raise,
And tune their harps to sounds of praise.

74.

Bold infidelity! turn pale, and die,
Beneath the turf an infant's ashes lie,
Say is it lost or saved!
If death's by sin, it sinned because 'tis here,
If heaven's by works, it can't in heaven appear.
Ah! reason how depraved!
Revere the Bible's sacred page—the knot's untied;
It died through Adam's sin, it lives for Jesus died.

75.

* * * * Children!

Oh! how they twine about the heart,

And draw it, Lord, from Thee!

Lord! thou hast broke these fetters off,

To set our spirits free;

Thou in thyself art bliss enough,

And we have All in thee!

F 2

Hushed be the murm'ring thought!
O Arbiter of life, and death! I bow
To thy command—and to the silent grave
I yield in hope, the precious gift
So late bestowed: so soon to be restored.

77.

Why weepest thou! fond mother dry thy tears A few more setting suns, or rolling years, Shall bring thee, if in Jesus, to that shore, Where thou shalt meet thy child, to part no more.

78.

Since 'tis thy will, that we should part, With the sweet treasure of our heart, We humbly do this child resign, To be, O Lord, for ever thine.

79.

My child now lives* in realms of light, With angels ever fair and bright; Where the redeemed their praises sing, To Christ their everlasting King.

May we the good each hour supplies, Receive with grateful mind, And when a lovely flower dies, Be humbled, and resigned.

81.

* * * Here have I laid thee,
Dear relic of a mother's hope—thy spirit
Now mingled with the blest in heaven, adores
The grace that ransomed it, and lodged it safe,
Beyond the stormy sea of this tumultuous life.

82.

Sleep on my babe, thy little bed,
Is cold indeed, and narrow—
Yet calmly here shall rest thy head,
In peaceful slumbers with the dead,
Till thou shalt wake in sweet surprise,
And in thy Saviour's image rise.

83.

What are all our promised pleasures, But the dew-drops on the thorn; Little, sparkling, glittering treasures, Twinkling gems that deck the morn, We look, they sparkle in the sun, We look again, alas! they're gone.

What though these earthly springs of joy be dried, There is a river, whose unfailing stream, Rolls its full tide of happiness along; From that my purest comforts still shall flow, Till I my children's bliss am called to know.

85.

Hear, thou pale mourner, o'er an infant's grave, Did not our Saviour die, thy child to save! Believe, though veiled in darkness from above, That all God's paths are wisdom, truth, and love.

86.

Farewell, sweet child! a long farewell to thee, From sin's pollution thou art ever free, Thy pilgrimage was not too brief to show, How every stage of life is mixed with woe.

87.

Mourn not their blest, their early doom, But chase your tears away; These lovely flowers are gone to bloom In everlasting day.

Ye who have sorrowed o'er the bier Of one as gentle, and as dear; Pause at the tomb, in whose lone shade The form of infancy is laid; O'er these loved ashes parents shed, Tears such as told fond hope was fled; Yet, not as hopeless-for they knew The Saviour died for children too: And 'mid their grief's severest pain, Faith wispered "he shall rise again;" Till that bright hour, behold him there, Where's no temptation, pain, or care; Made heir of glory—(blest renown) Without a conflict for the crown, Whilst with the saints he joins to cry "O grave where is thy victory."

89.

Sweet babe! from griefs and dangers, Rest here for ever free; We leave thy dust with strangers, But oh! we leave not thee.

While that which is immortal,
Fond hope doth yet retain,
And saith, "At heaven's bright portal
We all shall meet again."*

^{*} To the memory of an infant that died from home, and whose remains were interred in a far distant churchyard.

'Tis done!—the darling idol I resign, Nor longer at thy righteous will repine.

91.

"Oh!" says the gardener, as he passes down the walks, "who removed that plant? who gathered that flower?" His fellow-servant says, "the master," and the gardener holds his peace.

YOUTH.

92.

Dost thou say? "To trifle is to live,."—And is it then a trifle, too, to die?

93.

Stop for a moment, youthful passers by, On this memento cast a serious eye; Though now the rose of health may flush your cheek, And youthful vigour, health and strength bespeak; Yet think how soon, like me, you may become, In youth's fair prime, the tenants of the tomb.

94.

١

Oh! seek the Lord—arise, Pursue the way of truth; For they indeed are wise, Who serve the Lord in youth.

True wisdom is, to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

96.

Here rests in peace, a much lamented child, Of manners gentle, and of temper mild; Prompt to obey, in wisdom's path he* trod, And early knew his Saviour and his God.

97.

Oh! weep not for him,
For the flower of the morning,
So dear to your bosoms,
So fair to your eyes;
But weep for the souls
Unbelievingly scorning,
The counsel and truth
Of the "God only wise."

^{*} In most of the Epitaphs, the masculine pronoun may be changed for the feminine: and in some few the singular number might be changed for the plural, or vice versa. The writer has seen inscriptions, where, for convenience, the nominative case was changed into the plural number, and the verb, from ignorance, retained in the singular. As such sad blundering is quite enough to subject to ridicule, and consequently destroy the effect of the finest lines a Cowper, or Montgomery ever penned; so let no alterations be attempted by any uneducated person, on his own wassisted judgment.

Oh! hast thou whispered in thine heart,
"I am too young to die;"
See, thousands! younger than thou art,
In death and darkness lie.
To summon thee to meet thy doom,
How soon may be the call!
E'en while thou bendest o'er my tomb,
Decreed may be thy fall.

99.

While grief rent a father's heart, faith fell down and worshipped, saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

100.

The spirit's fled—life's latest sand is run;
Father of mercies! let thy will be done.
Not ours but thine—this fair, this beauteous clay,
¿Twas thine to give—and thine to take away.—

O may we meekly bow, beneath the rod
And own thy chastening hand, Almighty God.

101.

Thus youth, and beauty oft decay; Yea, heaven, and earth shall pass away. Is there not one foundation sure! There is—'tis Christ, that Rock's secure.

Whate'er thy Providence denies, Lord help us to resign; For Thou art faithful, just, and wise; Oh! bend our will to thine.

103.

"If the smiting of our earthly gourds, lead us to seek shelter beneath the tree of life, we shall for ever bless the hand that separated us from the creature, to unite us to the Saviour."

104.

Here! in the awful silence of the tomb,
Rests a loved youth, that perished in his bloom,
Beloved and mourned no art could save,
The will of heaven, ordained an early grave:
A wise, and sovereign will—can we complain?
Oh! No—to Christhelived—with Christ he reigns.

105.

Oh! what is life!—'tis like the bow, 'I That shines in yonder sky;
We love to see its colours glow,
But while we look they die;
Life fails as soon—to-day 'tis here—
To-morrow it may disappear.

Sleep, thou favoured child of light! Soon will pass the darksome night— Waking thou the morn wilt see, What a glorious morn for thee!

107.

In early life she wisely sought her God, And with submission, bore his chastening rod, Taught by his Spirit, she his truth revered, And faith in Christ, her dying moments cheered, Thus blest with grace, which heaven alone can give, She learnt to die,—e're thousands learn to live.

108.

The Lord in mercy gave—but gave in trust, The Lord resumes—resuming not unjust. Giving—resuming—He is still the Lord— Still be His wisdom—and His love adored.

109.

O look not—look not on his lowly tomb,
Nor bitterly lament his early doom,
What is this life !—the wisest and the best,
Will all confess that Earth is not their rest;
Then, look beyond it—there are realms above,
Where faith, and hope, are lost in endless love.

By mortal sufferings now no more opprest, Rise happy Spirit! to thy destined rest, Whilst I lamenting o'er thy early doom Pour forth a father's sorrow on thy tomb.

111.

Soft as the gale, the summer evening yields, Sweet as the fragrance of the new mown fields, Her opening mind a thousand charms revealed, Earnest of thousands more which lay concealed; But here, 'twas not God's will they should expand, But bloom for ever in a holier land; Enough was seen, to shew a Saviour's love, Had made her meet to dwell with Saints above.

112.

How much better is it to have an idolized creature taken away from you in mercy, than for God, your Creator, to say, "He is joined to idols, let him alone."

113.

Ye, who with youthful steps, now lightly tread, O'er these green hillocks of the unconscious dead, Pause a few moments, at this lowly tomb, And learn—an early death my be thy doom.

All was so promising, and bright, We thought not of approaching night; But soon our prospects clouded o'er, And now to us he is no more; But let us chase our tears away, And view him in celestial day.

115.

A duteous son, lies buried here; Who from a widowed parent's eye, Ne'er caused to flow one mournful tear, Till she beheld him droop, and die.

116.

To God devote your early days, And walk in wisdom's pleasant ways, The mighty God will be your friend, And blessings crown your latter end.

117.

The Spirit's fied to realms of light,
'Tis faith can trace her upward flight,
To other worlds, to purer skies:
Hope dries the tear which sorrow weepeth.
No mortal sound, the voice which cries,
"The Damsel is not dead, but sleepeth."

God hath taken away my only son from me, but He has given his only son for me.

119.

If the stream fail, repair to the fountain—God is where he is—and what he was—though the creature be not.

120.

I lay thee, where the loved are laid:
Rest till their change, and thine shall come.
Rest in the grave's, calm, silent shade,
The bed in which thy Saviour laid.
Rest till he call thee to arise,
And take thy mansion in the skies.

121.

So fades the lovely blooming flower;
Frail, smiling offspring of an hour:
So soon our transient comforts fly,
Pleasures which only bloom to die.
What! has this world no more to give!
By faith in Jesus, let us live,
Then lasting comforts we shall find,
And pleasures, too, in peace of mind.

Why weepest thou? this sorrow came From him, whose love is still the same. 'Tis true her happy spirit's fled, But yet thy daughter is not dead. How can they die, who do in Christ believe, And life and glory from his grace receive?

123.

So fair, so young, so gentle, so sincere,
So loved, so early lost, may claim a tear;
Yet means not, if the life resumed by heaven,
Was spent to every end for which 'twas given.
The part assigned if she essayed to fill,
If she obeyed her heavenly Father's will;
If humble trust in her Redeemer's love,
Matured her early for the courts above;
Could she, too soon, escape a world of sin;
Or could eternal bliss too soon begin!
Then cease her death too fondly to deplore,
What could the longest life have added more!

124.

Mourn not thy sister's early bier,
'Tis but the mortal part lies here;
She's gone above:
She's free from sickness, grief, and pain,
And now in sweet seraphic strain,
She sings redeeming love.

Pure, bright, early, transient—like morning dew She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven, Through her Redeemer's name.

126.

When I remembered that the parting sigh, Appoints the just to slumber not to die: The starting tear I checked—I kissed the rod, And not to earth resigned her—but to God.

127.

Teach us, when youth and beauty fade away,
To set our hopes on things which ne'er decay—
To leave the things which fade and die,
And rise by faith divine to worlds on high.

128.

Whilst others marked the rose upon her cheek, And hailed the happy omen; Ah! I knew, That flush was death: weaker and still more weak (In its declining strength) her frail form grew; Vain, was all hope! a few swift moments more, A shade came o'er the brightness of her face; She meekly bowed her head, and died in peace.

* * * Gone to God!

Be still my soul! what could a mother's prayer,

In all the exercise of faith and hope,

Ask for her child, like the bliss of heaven!

130.

No more with tears will we our loss deplore, But bow to God—his sov'reign will adore; Be this our prayer, (our lips, our hearts all one) "Almighty Father! Let thy will be done."

131.

Oh! murmer not at his decree, Who's better than ten sons to thee, But meekly bow beneath the rod, And lean—Oh lean upon thy God.

132.

O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend,
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best my only friend.
When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same,
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

What! though my children now are fled, What though my children now are dead; Religion's brightest hopes remain;— Why should my spirit then complain!

134.

My child was beautiful and brave, An opening flower of spring; He moulders in a distant grave, A cold, forgotten thing. Forgotten! aye, by all but me, As e'en the best beloved must be. They told me victory's laurels wreathed His youthful temples round; That "Victory" from his lips was breathed, The last exulting sound. Cold comfort to a mother's ear, Who longed his living voice to hear. E'en so thy gallant father died, When thou poor orphan child! A helpless prattler at my side, My widowed grief beguiled. But now bereaved of all in thee, What earthly voice shall comfort me?

^{*} This may be inscribed to the memory of any young Officer, who fell like his father in the hour of victory.

I have lost all my children—Oh! may I hear my God say unto me "I will give thee a name, better than of sons, and of daughters, even an everlasting name that shall not be cut off."

136. •

We gather the flower, when full in its bloom, The brightest in colour—the best in perfume— Weep not—that so soon he has entered his rest, But rejoice that with Christ for ever he's blest.

137.

Why with such grief lament the early doom, Of him who sleeps within the silent tomb, "Doest thou well," to mourn, and sigh, and weep, Because so soon in Christ "he fell asleep," Oh let Religion come, and whisper peace, Which bids the sorrows of the mourner cease; And let it guide thee, in the path he trod, The path which brought him to the throne of God.

138.

The most beloved—when God ordains must go, Uncertain thus, are all our joys below.

'Twas pale consumption gave the fatal blow, And laid my cherished hopes so low; No power could wrest the mighty hand of death, Nor longer stay my fast expiring breath; And I had sunk in anguish and despair, But the good Shepherd made my soul his care.

140.

Early, not sudden.
Soon, not by surprise did death his visit pay,
Her soul went forth to meet him on his way,
Rejoicing that he came to fetch her home
To heaven.

141.

Say sprightly youth dost thou on life presume!

Observe my age, and think upon thy tomb;

Nor health, nor strength, nor youthful vigour trust,

These once were mine—they now are in the dust;

Be wise—and every talent well employ,

And thou shalt die in peace, and rise with joy.

142.

My griefs remain, but thine are o'er;
My loss thy endless gain shall be!
I weep—but thou canst weep no more,
I still am bound, but thou my child art free.

Ah! what avails affection's tenderest care,
The art of medicine, or the change of air,
No power on earth, can here prolong our stay
When God supreme commands the soul away:
What then is wisdom! what man's chief renown!
To seek in heaven, a bright, unfading crown.

144.

How happy, is, the youth who hears, Instruction's warning voice, And who celestial wisdom makes, His early—only choice.

145.

I heard a voice from heaven, that softly cried; Write, in the pages of eternal truth; "Blest are the dead, who have in Jesus died, In age—in manhood—or in youth."

146.

The grave doth hide thee from my view, And I alone my path pursue; Thy father's numbered with the dead, And now my son*—thou too art fled; Thus called with both so soon to part, That God alone, might have my heart.

^{*} Or, And now my only child is fied.

In silent anguish, O my friend!
When I recall thy worth;
Thy holy life—thine early end—
I feel estranged from earth.
My soul with thine desires to rest,
Supremely, and for ever blest.

148.

Grieve not for me—my race is run. Father of heaven! "thy will be done"

149.

Reader! does this memorial stone,
Its record bear for me alone!
Is here no warning from on high,
To tell the young that they must die!
Why then so careless—why so vain,
Why found in folly's thoughtless train!
This stone here stands, to say thy breath,
May soon expire in pangs of death;
And none but Christ thy spirit save,
Or give thee victory o'er the grave.

150.

Why should'st thou say, 'tis yet too soon, To seek for heaven or think of death, A flower may fade, before 'tis noon, And life is nothing but a breath.

Stranger! or friend, whose feet here slowly tread, Where rest the ashes of th' unconscious dead; If health, or strength, or blooming youth be thine, Mark with attentive eye this warning line: In one brief moment, I was called away, And this to thee may be thy final day.

152.

I was once a froward youth,
Wand'ring from the God of truth,
And I should have wander'd still,
Rebellious to his sov'reign will,
But He met me in my way,
Lest I further still should stray;
And having thus revealed his grace,
'Tis now, my joy to see his face.

153

It is only true religion that can allay our griefs, or temper our sorrow with submission.

154.

Now in thy earliest youth, Seek the God of grace, and truth, And to thy Redeemer's praise, Early consecrate thy days.

She faded gently from the sight, as flowers
In summer fade—she vanished as the rainbow
After sultry show'rs—she sunk, pale and lovely
Like the fleecy snow, which in the sun beam
Melts—and we have laid her, in her peaceful
Resting-place: to wait the coming of her Lord.

156.

Let unbelief lament or frown,
To see so fair a flower cut down;
Our Faith shall look to worlds on high,
Our hope shall point beyond the sky,
And on the blest assurance dwell,
The Saviour lives, and "all is well."

157.

They're here in this turfed bed—those tender forms, So kindly cherished, and so fondly loved, They're here—

Sweet Sisters! pleasant in their lives, And not in death divided. Sure tis meet, Each blooming one, should linger here, and learn, How quick the transit to the silent tomb.

Forgive O Lord! the parents wish, That Death had spared their son, And help them from their hearts to say, "Thy will O Lord be done."

159.

He was thy son,—thine only son,
More dear than all beneath the sun:
Weep—if thy tears will give relief,
(They may assuage a widow's grief)
Yet do not at his death repine,
But let the will of God be thine.

160.

And thou art gone—for ever gone,
To leave me childless and alone,
Like Rachel, weeping tear on tear,
Because thou art no longer here.
Soon, too, in Death shall I recline,
Soon shall my head be laid with thine,
Then may our spirits meet above,
To live in Heaven's eternal love.

161.

E're long, and the Christian shall know that every affliction is a mercy, and the severest trials, the choicest blessings.

162

That the cold dark grave should close, O'er what was once the chief,
Of all the treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think—my child is there,
This best can dry the gushing tear.
This yields the heart relief;
Until the christians pious hope,
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

163.

Hail! holy light—tis thine to pierce the gloom
That shades a son's—a brother's early tomb,
Let not Death triumph, as a conq'ring foe,
This mortal, shall, with life immortal glow;
The plant revive, though withered be the flower,
Tis sown in "weakness," to be raised in "power."

164.

When called of God, with such a child to part, There's none but God, can reconcile the heart; His wise designs will all be known above, Here we can't trace—but we may trust his love.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot, Now of my only child bereaved, Let me be still, and murmur not, But breathe the prayer divinely taught, "Thy will be done."

166.

Shall youth !—shall beauty fade away, And none lament their swift decay ! Yes—we are called to weep and mourn, And them in faith, to God return.

167.

Why weep, and shed such bitter tears !— Why all these unbelieving fears !— What, though he were an only son, Whose mortal race so soon was run, Let faith in God, thy soul sustain, That God, with whom his Saints shall reign.

168.

Forgive! whilst thus I mourn her early doom, The tear that glistens in a parent's eye, When Faith should rather smile upon her tomb, And view her bliss—her glory in the sky.

Look forward to that day which shall unfold the mysteries of time, and reveal the glories of a happy eternity.

170.

On him who bears the feeble up,
My spirit let me stay;
In him who gave this bitter cup
Confide from day to day;
And onward press to realms above,
Where all shall know, that, "God is love."

171.

When hoary age is carried to the tomb,
Though grieved, we know that such is nature's doom,
But when in life's fair spring, we see a flower,
Wither, and die, in one short, transient hour,
The heart too full, God's purpose wise to see,
Is apt to murmur at the stern decree;—
Yet why o'er thee, lamented youth repine?
Since heaven's transcendent glories now are thine.

172.

A calm, patient spirit under all our losses, and all our sorrows, is the spirit which best befits, and adorns the Christian.

ί

Dear Parents! cease that plaintive moan,
Look up, and wipe those tears away:
What though your sweetest joys are flown!
What though your choicest gourds decay!
Earth's bliss, is, but a summer's flower,
Earth's woe, a swiftly ebbing tide,
Let faith sustain each trying hour,
Jehovah hears, and will provide.
Let faith, and hope your spirits cheer,
Your God—your Saviour's ever near.

174.

We gazed upon her youthful brow
When decked with beauty, and with bloom:
But, oh! how changed and faded now,
Thou mouldering tenant of the tomb!
In wisdom may we learn from thee—
And haste a flattering world to flee.

175.

Alas! my son, and didst thou die,
Without a friend, or parent nigh!
No hand to wipe thy fainting brow,
To raise thee up, or lay thee low!
Thy father's God, did there sustain,
A Saviour's love, did soothe thy pain,
And we'll adore his holy name,
Who in all climes is found the same.*

^{*} These lines may be inscribed on a cenotaph to the memory of any pious youth who died abroad.

Lines to the memory of a youth who fell from a steam packet, and was drowned in the River Illonois.

He sunk (to rise no more) in that swift stream:—
Short was his life—and all his hopes a dream.
He sunk—no human power his life could save,
No hand, could snatch him from his watery grave;
A grave, indeed, he little thought to find,
When England, and his friends he left behind.
Such was his end—and yet the young still dream,
And speak of pleasure as their only theme.
And what is pleasure? but a summer's gleam—
And what the longest life?—a rapid stream.

MANHOOD.

177.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the *present* scene: Resumes them, to prepare us for the *next*. For us they languish, and for us they die: And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?

178.

Men seek substantial good in vain, Intent on things below; For what's the sum of all their gain, But vanity and woe!

179.

Who seeks a world of perfect bliss, Must never fix his heart on this.

180.

Where is the man, that can welcome the tomb? Where is the man, that dreads not its gloom?—The Christian, can welcome the gloom of the grave, Who knows his Redeemer, is, "mighty to save."

For those that live in faith and love, There is a glorious rest above; To that may every soul aspire, With ardent hope, and strong desire.

182.

And thou art gone! O Spirit bright!
Gone early to thy native sphere,
With kindred seraphs to unite,
And left us sad, and mourning here,
Gone in thy manhood's soaring prime,
Gone e're thy sun had reached its noon—
Gone—dare we say, before thy time!
Gone—Oh! we feel for us too soon,
But not too soon for thee, thus early blest,
For thou hast enter'd thine eternal rest.

183.

The path of "godly sorrow"—that alone, Leads to the land, where sorrow is unknown.

184.

When "dust to dust returns,
And life's short path is trod,
The souls whom Jesus hath redeemed,
Ascend unto their God.

Farewell! loved partner of my youthful breast, Now past the reach of sorrow to molest,— Who can forget thy tenderness so kind! I still have much to bring it to my mind. Farewell! enter the joys of bliss divine, And wear a crown of glory ever thine.

186.

Men give to time eternity's regard, Then shrink at death's approach.

187.

How vain are men in life, and health, How thoughtless of the hour of death, When they would give the world they prized, For that salvation they despised.

188.

When the shore is gained at last, Who will count the billows past?

189.

I saw the black pall, o'er his coffin extended, I wept, but they were not the sad tears of woe; The prayer of my soul, which in fervor ascended, Was-"Lord when thou callest, like him may we go."

What now are time—life—death—the world to me! I may not answer—Ask Eternity!—

191.

Father of all! to thee chastised we bow
In humble resignation; full of hope
(A crucified Redeemer's precious gift)
The hope of immortality; the hope
That we again in realms of endless joy
May meet our Parent, Guide, Instructor, Friend,
To part no more.

192.

O thou whose mercy is so great,
Whose grace is unconfined,
Still guard with thy protecting hand,
The babes I've left behind.
Engraven deeply on their hearts,
Let thy commandments be,
That there may reign within their breast,
No other God but thee.

193.

The widow, and the orphan's friend,
For what he takes away;
Can far superior blessings send,
And chase their grief away:
The balm of consolation he can pour,
And give them blessings quite unknown before.

Ye living men, the tomb survey, Where you so soon must dwell, And hark! the awful summons sounds, In every funeral knell!

195.

When the last enemy appears, How blest are they who have no fears, Who then can calmly view their end, And say of death, "he is our friend."

He comes with messages of peace, He comes to bid our sorrows cease, He comes to set our spirits free, And bring us, Lord, to be with thee.

196.

This humble stone, shall bear one humble line, "Here lies a sinner saved by grace divine."

197.

Jesus slept within the tomb!
"Light of light," to cheer its gloom,
The living God, content to die,
That man might live with God, on high.

No pomp of wealth, in life, or death,
Declares the owner blest;
Earth's lowliest Child may find through faith,
In heaven an endless rest,
And glory crown his honored head,
Though here the meanest of the dead.

199.

Let him who seeks his rest beyond the sky, Keep to his purpose, with a stedfast eye, Believe—obey—nor ever turn aside, But true, and faithful, to the end abide.

200.

Till Death thy weary spirit free, Thus saith the Lord—"Tis good for thee, To walk by faith, and not by sight, Believing—all I do is right."

201.

Let Reason vainly boast her power,
To teach her Children how to die?
The Sinner in a dying hour,
Needs more than reason can supply.
A view of Christ the sinner's friend,
Alone can cheer him in the end.

Patient and meek, beneath afflictions rod, And why! her faith, and hope, were fixed on God.

203.

Those who on Jesus now rely, And in his gracious favor die, Shall rise in triumph o'er the grave, And join to sing—His power to save.

204.

What joy! when she resigned her breath— For as her eye lids closed—she smiled in death.

205.

I rest in Christ—as doth the mariner In the calm haven, when the storm is past; No more he hears the elemental war, Nor trembles at the desolating blast.

206.

Why does the fearful trembling sigh, Attend the thought, that thou must die! Conscience replies, Alas! 'tis sin, Creates the pang that's felt within; If such the cause that makes you grieve, Forsake thy sins, repent, and live.

O may I in my Judge behold, My Saviour, and my Friend— My countless joys, shall ne'er be told, My pleasures, never end.

208.

A hell below—a heaven on high, Oh! 'tis a serious thing to die.

209.

When nature sinks beneath disease, And ev'ry earthly hope is fled; What then can give the sinner ease, And bless with peace his dying bed! Jesus! thy smile his heart can cheer, He's blest indeed, if thou art near.

210.

Each "passing-bell" doth warning give, That here we soon must cease to live.

211.

Sinners! salvation seek without delay, Search ye the scriptures, which reveal the way; They point to Jesus, who alone can save, And make you more than conq'rors o'er the grave.

When thou dost hear the deep-toned bell, And know it is thy neighbour's knell, Arise, arise, and trim thy lamp, and shine; For heaven, or hell, must soon be thine.

213.

Strong was her faith in him
Who died to save;
And bright her hopes of joy,
Beyond the grave.

214.

The gospel doth proclaim,
Salvation free,
Through a Redeemer's name;
But life once past,
All offered grace is o'er—
Man's doom is fixed,
His state can change no more.

215.

'Tis past—and since so awful 'tis to die, Whence sprang that smile triumphant o'er the sigh? From faith, and hope, which gild life's parting day, And shine the brighter, in its setting ray.

As breaks the gloom, when midnight speeds away, And morn advances, on the wings of day, So lighter than the air his sorrows fled, As faith drew near, and raised his drooping head, Bade him to rest, on Jesu's promised aid And wait for joys, that never, never fade.

217.

Every tear is chased away,
Sighs no more shall heave his breast:
Night is lost in endless day,—
Sorrow—in eternal rest.

218.

Bethink thee sinner, wandering far astray, How great the terrors of the judgment day, Better, that now, the thought oppress thy soul, Than floods of wrath, for ever o'er thee roll.

219.

"We've no abiding City here"— This may distress the worldling's mind, But should not cost the saint a tear, Who hopes a better rest to find.

Jesus alone from sin can save, And give us Vict'ry o'er the grave.

221.

A holy judge—a righteous doom— A bar where none dissemble— A short, quick passage to the tomb— How should we stop, and tremble!— Great God as years pass swiftly by, Write on each heart—thou too must die.

222.

O let me die the death of those, Whom Jesus washes in his blood, Who on his faithfulness repose, And know that He indeed is God. Around His throne we then shall meet, And cast our Crowns beneath His feet.

223.

That peerless one is gone! in whom we mourn, (From earthly ties thus prematurely torn)
The sterling Friend—the tender Mother—Wife—
Pattern to all in every rank of life—
The Orphan's monitress—the Widow's stay,
The poor man's solace in his waning day.

Soon, Christian, shall thy conflicts cease; Soon shalt thou reach the realms of peace, To triumph in that Saviour's love Who brought thee to his courts above.

225.

Why thus lament !—why thus complain !
"To live is Christ—to die is gain."
Sense views and mourns the mould ring clay,
Faith looks above, and hails eternal day.

226.

Submission to the will of God, Let each sad bosom feel, The stroke is from a Father's rod, Who only wounds to heal.

227.

Death and Judgment, Heaven and Hell, These alone so often heard,
No more move us than the bell,
When some stranger is interred.
Oh! then e're the turf, or tomb,
Cover us from ev'ry eye,
Spirit of instruction come,
Make us learn that we must die.

What is life !—a breath—a span— A moment, quickly gone from thee: Oh! what is death! oh mortal man, Thine entrance on Eternity.



229.

"There still is hope," the wordling cries,
"Whilst there is life, and breath"—
The christian looks beyond the skies,
And hopes for life in death.

230.

Would sinners now to Jesus fly, Whose mighty arm can save; How would their hopes ascend on high, And triumph o'er the grave.

231.

Why should his people fear the grave, Whom Jesus promises to save,
And raise their bodies too!
What though this earthly house shall fail,
Almighty power will yet prevail,
And raise it up anew.

How sweet! to hear Christ, say, at last,
"Ye blessed children come,
Your sorrows, are for ever past,
And heaven is now your home."

233.

The world will fade, and pass away, And all its glories die, But they, who make the Lord their stay, Shall reign with Christ on high.

234.

Lord! what is man! extremes how wide, In his mysterious nature join! The flesh to worms and dust allied, His soul immortal and divine.

235.

Ah! who can tell what vast dismay,
O'erwhelms the sinners mind,
When torn by death's strong hand away,
He leaves his all behind!
Lord, grant us wisdom to refuse,
The trifles of a day;
And learn that better part to choose,
Which none can take away.

Like a river time is gliding;
Brightest days have no abiding;
Use thy golden moments well.
Life is wasting,
Death is hasting,
Death consigns to Heaven or Hell.

237.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life." John xiv. 6.

Thou art "the way" to heaven—the living way, By which we rise, to realms of endless day: Thou art "the truth," by whose enlightening ray, Alone, we find, the one appointed way: Thou art "the life," thine be the song of praise, Thy powerful voice the slumb'ring dead can raise, The mould'ring dust, with power to life restore, And bid it live—yea, live to die no more.

238.

There's nothing seen by human eyes,
No thought to mortals lent,
That can enable us to judge,
Eternity's extent.
Whether it prove a joy, or grief,
Depends on where we go;
How blessed! if passed in happiness,
How dreadful! spent in woe.

Infinite joy, or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go,
Upon the brink of death.

240.

Contemplate, when the Sun declines,
Thy death with deep reflection!
And when again, he rising shines,
Thy day of resurrection.

241.

When the vale of death appears, Blest Forerunner soothe my fears, Bid each trembling thought depart, Bid thy peace rejoice my heart.

242.

I rest in Christ—and every hope disclaim, That does not centre in "the Lamb of God: I take to bliss, no passport but his name, I lean on nothing, but his "staff and rod."

Now set thine heart on things above, Now seek to know that, "God is love."

244.

As when the weary traveller gains,
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if 'cross the plains,
He views his home, though distant still:
So when the Christian pilgrim views
By faith, his mansion in the skies:
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

245.

His knowledge was excellent, for he had been taught "the fear of the Lord;"—his riches were great, for he possessed "the pearl of great price."

246.

Fare thee well! thy woes are o'er—Brother, thou shalt grieve no more!
No more by snares of sin distressed,
No more by guilty fears oppressed;
Behold, thy toilsome course is run,
The battle's fought, the victory's won;
For thou are gone, where spirits blest,
From all their mortal labours rest.

248.

Death's approaching—life e're long must cease, "Abide in love"—and "follow after peace;" For Love Divine, can ne'er decay, Though Faith, and Hope, shall pass away.

249.

Shew us, O Lord, that "living way," Which leads to realms of endless day.

250.

My sins were unnumbered,
My frailty, and pride,
As deep as the ocean,
As strong as the tide;
But more strong than the tide,
And more deep than the sea,
Was the love of the Saviour,
Who suffered for me.

Look forward to heaven as your rest, and be daily travelling towards it as your home.

252.

Holy Pilgrim! well for thee,
Few are the steps which now remain,
From thy guarded breast shall flee,
Fear, and shame, and doubt, and pain;
Fear—the hope of heaven shall flee;
Shame—from glory's view retire;
Doubt—in full belief shall die,
Pain—in endless joy expire.

253.

Afflictions come not from the dust, God sends them in his tender love, To raise the ling'ring heart from earth, And speed its flight to realms above.

254.

"To-morrow I will seek the Lord,"
The foolish heart will say.
To-morrow may no time afford,
Oh! seek the Lord to-day.
H 2

Jesus! what joy to find thee near,
When earthly comforts flee:
What bliss supreme in death's last hour,
To find our all in thee.

256.

His days were few! but he has fought long enough, that has gained the victory.

257.

Unknown the joy that God supplies,
To Christians here below:
Unknown their joy beyond the skies,
When they to glory go.

258.

Now all the toils of life are o'er, And pain and grief are felt no more, Jesus will raise me to his throne, And frame this body like his own.

259.

Were there no monuments but such as stood, To mourn the wise, the pious, and the good; Though many a marble tomb might disappear, Yet this rude stone, would still be standing here.

Why should we grieve for those that die
In Jesus, and are blest;
Their happy spirits upward fly,
To their eternal rest.
Joyful, they quit this vale of tears,
To reach the peaceful shore,
Where sorrow, sin, and guilty fears,
Shall vex their souls no more.

261.

O weep not for one, who ne'er shall weep more, Whose warfare is ended, whose conflict is o'er; But give to the living, thy sorrowful tears, Who walk in life's valley, encompassed with fears.

262.

Lord, when our stage of life is run, May we obtain the prize, And like the daily setting sun, Go down, again to rise.

263.

Warned as thou art—Oh! now begin, To follow Christ, and flee from sin: Daily grow up in Christ thy Head, Lord of the living, and the dead.

Ye, who the grave surround,
Where all so soon must dwell,
Hear your own summons sound,
In every funeral knell;
And from the solemn warnings given,
Here learn to fix your hopes in heaven.

265.

Choose God for your portion—Christ for your Master—the Scriptures for your rule—holiness for your way—and heaven for your home.

266.

Our Saviour, Advocate, and Friend! Of faith, and hope, and love the end: 'Tis thine, Almighty, sov'reign Head, To fix the state of all the dead: Oh may our souls on Thee depend, Our Saviour, Advocate, and Friend.

267.

Lord, when disease, or death invade, Let us not sink in fear; Grant us thy never-failing aid, Be thou for ever near.

O what pleasures there await us!
Where the tempests cease to roar;
There it is, that those who hate us,
Can molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases,
On that tranquil happy shore.

269.

He possessed an abiding confidence in the wisdom, love, and power, of his Saviour; and under many trials, experienced the truth of that promise—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee."

270.

Lord, when life's weary path is trod, Its fleeting shadows past; May I repose on thee, my God, In perfect peace at last.

271.

Only the body, slumbers here, 'Tis but the body claims a tear: The saint has entered into rest, His spirit now with Christ is blest.

Oh! for that city fair and bright,
Which shall not pass away;
The glory of the Lord its light,
The Lamb its sunless day:
Where tears are chased from ev'ry eye
That looks on Jesu's throne,
Death lost in immortality,
And former things unknown.

273.

Blest are the happy souls that dwell, With Jesus in the realms of day, For they have bid their cares farewell, And He has wiped their tears away.

274.

One trial more must yet be past; One pang—the keenest and the last; And when with brow convulsed and pale, Thy feeble, quivering heart-strings fail, Then may thy soul rejoice to see, That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

275.

When at my life's last setting sun, My conflicts o'er, my labours done— Jesus! thine heavenly radiance shed, To cheer, and bless my dying bed.

If age be measured by the glass of time; His sands were run, ere he had reached his prime, But if by deeds, not days, we count his years, Then may his friends repress their sighs and tears, And say, reflecting on the race he ran, This is the tombstone of an aged man.

277.

All his learning was employed to know God's will, as revealed to us in the Scriptures; and all his wisdom was to keep God's commandments.

278.

Through cloud and sunshine, flower and thorn,
Pursue the narrow way;
Nor let thy better hopes be born,
Of things that must decay.
Rejoice with trembling, mourn with hope,—
Take life as life is given;
Its rough ascent, its flowery slope,
May lead alike to heaven.

279.

Jesus!—he spake thy glorious name, With his last falt'ring breath; And died in hope to sing thy praise, When past the vale of death.

н 3

I come! I come! the conflicts o'er,
Thy hand, O Lord, has set me free,
I linger on the plain no more;
I seek my rest, my home, in Thee;
I rise, where always on the wing,
The hosts above adore their king.

281

Swift, as thy fleeting days decline,
The final hour draws nigh,
When from the busy scenes of time,
Thou must retire and die.
Oh! may this solemn thought pervade,
And penetrate thy soul,
Govern thy life, through every stage,
And all thy powers control.

282.

We'll cherish the willow that bends o'er thy grave, It is all that for thee, should here stand and weep; For in Christ, thy Redeemer, "mighty to save:" "Tis our joy to know, thou art fallen asleep.

283.

If all must suffer death, the general doom, Say, reader, art thou ready for thy tomb!

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."*
Look unto Thee! in life and death,
O may we look to Thee alone:
And breathe our last expiring breath,
In hope to stand before thy throne;
And there behold thee "face to face,"
The Lord of glory, and of grace.

285.

Sinners, the voice of God regard,
'Tis mercy calls to-day;
He calls you by his sov'reign word,
From sin's destructive way.—
Why will you in the fruitless ways,
Of sin and folly go;
And spend the labour of your days,
To reap eternal woe!

286.

Blest be that kind, chastising rod, Which brought a sinner home to God; To weep upon a Saviour's breast, And in HIS love, find peace, and rest.

* Isaiah lzv. 22.

Come, gracious spirit, heavenly dove! With light and comfort from above; Lead us to God, our only rest, To be with Him for ever blest; Lead us to Heaven, that we may share, "Fulness of joy," for ever there.

288.

* * * * In heaven,
All is tranquil, and serene,
Calm, and undisturbed repose;
There no cloud can intervene,
There no angry tempest blows!
Every tear is wiped away,
Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
Night is lost in endless day,
Sorrow in eternal rest.

289.

There is a world above
Where parting is unknown;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the saints alone:
To which in life their foot-steps tend,
To which in death their souls ascend.

Away, departed saint, away!
Fly to the mansions of the blest;
Thy God no more requires thy stay,
But calls thee to eternal rest.

291.

Now, all who know that heaven's their home, When this frail life is past, With a calm smile, may welcome death, Their happiest hour—the last.

292.

Treading the path our Saviour trod;
To live as seeing things unseen,
To walk, and commune with our God,
This is true greatness, wealth divine,
The glory, Lord, for ever thine.

293.

Reader, be not thou among those who to obtain the vanities of time, are willing to give up the treasures of eternity.

If only meet for heaven,
The passing-bell
Sounds but the joyful news,
"All, all is well."

295.

Then was the triumph of her faith complete, Then was the glorious Prize without alloy, Then did her smile the blest assurance meet, That, "They who sow in tears shall reap in joy.

296.

Not all the wisdom of the good, and wise, Can place a weightier truth before thine eyes: Nor holy angels from above supply More solemn words—"Remember thou must die."

297.

Look above to yonder world, Myriads see around the throne. And shall we not aspire, Our course like them to run! The Crown if we would wear, The Cross we here must bear, Assured, there is no other way, But to believe, and then obey.

298. ¹

All, as a leaf do fade away,
So quickly ends life's transient day,
But those who do in Christ believe,
From Him eternal life receive.
With joys—that never can decay,
Glories—that never fade away.

299. .

As the winged arrow flies,
Speedily the mark to find.
As the lightning from the skies,
Darts, and leaves no trace behind,
Swiftly thus our fleeting days,
Bear us down life's rapid stream,
Upwards Lord our spirits raise,
All below is but a dream.

300.

Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me, May such a peaceful refuge be, Securely shall my ashes lie, Waiting their summons from on high,

A child of Adam—"dust to dust," His body here was given: A child of Jesus—with the just, His spirit lives in heaven.

302.

Ah! she was all our fondest wish could frame, All that could dignify the christian name!— Made meet to fill a holier sphere, How could we hope, that she would linger here!

303.

When we have numbered all our days, And stand at length on Jordan's brink, O let not then the spirit shrink: But strong in faith, and hope, and love, Triumphant pass to realms above.

304.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee,
Who wait for thy salvation Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

"Spirit—leave thine house of clay! Lingering dust, resign thy breath! Spirit—cast thy chains away! Dust—be thou dissolved in death!" Thus the Almighty Saviour speaks, While the faithful Christian dies, Thus the bonds of life he breaks, And the ransomed Captive flies.

306.

What reason has the Christian to fear death, who has a well grounded hope of eternal life!

307.

Oh plant not o'er the Christian's tomb, The emblems of sepulchral gloom. Here rather let the palm-branch wave, Emblem of Vict'ry o'er the grave.

308.

She was one who knew well, the value of her Bible, and accounted the sabbath a delight. She lived to adorn her profession, and died in the full assurance of a blessed immmortality.

"He died"— Oh add one sentence more—"He lived to God."

310.

Yield to the Lord with cheerful heart, All that thou hast, all that thou art, Pursue the path, the saints have trod, The path which led them home to God: Renounce all strength, but strength divine, And peace shall be for ever thine.

311.

Just as yon sun descending sinks away, To rise in glory, at return of day: So may we set, our transient being o'er, To rise in glory—and to set no more.

312.

Though worldly pleasures here should fail, And sorrows for a time prevail; Though friends forsake, and death remove, The dearest objects of our love; Yet there remains a heavenly rest, A rest with which the saints are blest.

Daughters of sorrow! sons of woe! The lot of fallen man below, Oh raise your tearful eyes above, And hope in God—for "God is love."

314.

It is your wisdom and duty, solemnly to commit your spirits into the hands of God—to be sanctified by his grace—devoted to his honour—employed in his service—and fitted for his kingdom.

315.

Did Dives pray a messenger might go,
From the dark regions of despair and woe,
His infidel surviving friends to tell,
That torments terrible prevail in hell!
Require not thou, O sinner! e'er to see,
Such a terrific messenger to thee:
But God's own word, with reverent mind receive,
And bathed in tears of penitence, believe
That thou of every sinful deed forgiven,
May'st hell escape—and live with saints in heaven.

316.

Soon must thou pass death's gloomy vale, Soon all thy mortal power's must fail: Oh may thy last expiring breath, Proclaim Christ's faithfulness in death.

Now may it be, O Lord, our joy, To serve thee here in love, And after death our blest employ, To praise thy name above.

318.

Are we alone if God be nigh!
Can we repine at loss of friends
If we have one who lives on high,
Whose constant kindness never ends!
His presence is a source of joy—
His love, can stay the flowing tear,
And cause upon the darkest cloud,
The pledge of mercy to appear.

319.

Swift as the rapid stream that glides away, Swift as the eagle hasting to its prey, So on the wings of time, swift hastes that day, Which saints, alone, can view without dismay.

320.

Gently the passing spirit fled, Sustained by grace divine; O may that grace on me be shed, To make my end like thine.

As the light leaf, whose fall to ruin bears
Some trembling insect's little world of cares,
Descends in silence, whilst around waves on
The mighty forest, reckless what is gone!
Such is man's doom—and e're an hour be flown,
Reflect, thou trifler, such may be thine own.

322.

Does each day upon the wing,
Its allotted burden bring!
Load it not besides with sorrow,
Which belongeth to the morrow:
One thing only claims thy care,
Seek that first by faith and prayer;
Seek to know thy Saviour now;
Seek to do His will below;
Seek His righteousness and love;
O seek to dwell with Christ above.

323.

Till thou take us hence for ever, Saviour! guide us with thine eye; This our aim, our sole endeavour; Thine to live, and thine to die.

Joy to the wanderer, who his rest hath found: Joy to the spirit, from its chain unbound.

325.

There sickness, pain, and sorrow will be o'er,
Partings, and weepings shall be known no more;
No doubts, no fears, no conflicts will arise,
No tempter e'er assail, nor foe surprise,
Peace, like a river, shall serenely flow,
And love, and joy, no interruption know.

326.

Bury the Saints—and weep!
In stillness o'er thy loss:
Bury the Saints! in Christ they sleep,
Who died their death upon the cross:
And from the grave, they soon shall rise,
To take their mansion in the skies.

327.

We cannot, Lord, thy purpose see, But "All is well" that's done by thee.

Still, blessed be that hand which gave, And blessed when it takes: Blessed be he who smites to save, And heals the heart he breaks.

329.

Seek mercy, "while 'tis called to-day,"
And fly the wrath to come,
E're the same bell that calls to pray,
Shall call thee to thy tomb.

330.

When shrivelling like a parched scroll, The flaming heaven's together roll, When louder yet, and yet more dread, That trumpet sounds which wakes the dead; Be thou, O Christ the sinner's stay, Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

331.

Whilst through this desert world we roam, Teach us to seek a better home; A world of bliss, unchanged by years, A world, without a vale of tears.

He was suddenly summoned hence, but his lamp was trimmed, and his light burning.

333.

Lord! when our eyes shall close in death,
And dust returns to dust,
Then let the last expiring breath,
Be breathed in humble trust:
And bear our longing souls away,
To realms of everlasting day.

334.

O seize the swift—the passing hour, Improve each moment as it flies: Life's a short summer—man a flower, So soon he fades away, and dies.

335.

"What can more awful be?" I hear thee say, Than death to come in such a sudden way; What's more awful?—Hast thou never heard: Vain man, 'tis this—To meet death unprepared.

336.

* * The farthest from the fear Are often nearest to the stroke of death.

Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flower,
If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field,
We perish in an hour.

337.

Believer shrink not from thy doom: Where are the terrors of the tomb! O look, and be not thou dismayed, See where thy God, for thee was laid.

338.

Mighty Saviour! wilt thou be,
Ever waiting at my side!
When the waves of Jordan rise,
To an overwhelming tide!—
Say, wilt Thou my Pilot be,
Safe to steer my shattered bark,
Through that rough tempestuous sea,
O'er those billows deep, and dark!
My faith shall then no danger fear,
If Thou my God—if thou art near,

339.

What makes men wretched! Happiness denied? Ah! no—'Tis happiness disdained."

Teach me in watchfulness and prayer, To wait for my appointed hour, And fit me by thy grace to share, The trophics of thy conq'ring Power.

341.

Grant me to quit this transitory scene, With faith triumphant, and a soul serene: Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high, And having lived to Thee—in Thee to die.

342.

Death is no more the king of dread, Since our Redeemer rose; He took the sting of death away, And triumphed o'er our foes.

343.

Bethink thee, Sinner, wandering far away, How great the terrors of the judgment day! Better that thought should now alarm thy soul, Than floods of wrath, for ever, o'er thee roll, For if the Judge arise and shut the door, Prayers and entreaties will avail no more.

How wonderful, that men on earth, Should take delight in festive mirth; This is not, a scene of pleasure, These, are not the shores of bliss: Would you gain a brighter treasure, Find a better land than this:—
Then be serious—watch and pray, And thoughtful keep the narrow way.

345.

And when thy last—last hour is come,
That calls thee to thy rest—
That calls thee to thy heavenly home,
A welcome, joyful guest.
Then may thy gracious Father's voice,
Thy fainting spirit cheer,
And bid thy trembling heart rejoice,
That God, thy God is near.

346.

The Lord approves the Christian's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the path they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

r 2

If to lack the knowledge of the world be ignorance, he was ignorant; if to know Him, whom to know is life eternal, be wisdom, he was wise.

348.

Thou soon thy Judge shalt see, Arrayed in awful majesty;— Will then the Judge thy spirit own, And seat thee on his heavenly throne!

349.

How awful must be the coming of Death, to one that is at ease in his possessions; and who counting on a long life of pleasure here, is unprepared for that which is to come.

350.

May we, Lord, our danger see, Now to Thee for refuge flee: Then in death triumphant rise, To a mansion in the skies; Free from sorrow, sin, and pain, There with thee to live and reign.

What is the heritage of the righteous !—a peaceful life, a hopeful death, and a joyful resurrection.

352.

The world that men so highly prize, And seek so eagerly its smile, What is it !—vanity and lies— A broken cistern all the while.

353.

Humbly I own my native birth, And slumber on my parent earth, No work—nor wisdom in the grave, No hope is here—the soul to save; Just as it lives—and as it dies, Will be the judgment of the skies.

354.

She looked forward to her Dissolution
With such cheerfulness,
"As manifested"
That her heart was affected with
The power of religion;
And that her soul
Rested on the well-grounded hope
Of a blessed eternity.
Through Christ her Redeemer.

Go Reader, and ponder
On the value of that Faith
In Christ,
Which, whilst it deprives
Death of its Sting,
And the Grave of its Victory,
Administers
Patience and Consolation,
To the bereaved and afflicted.

356.

Consider well the just decree, "The soul that sinneth it shall die." Thou hast transgressed—to Jesus fly, Whilst his salvation still is nigh.

357.

Through all life's scenes of wealth and woe, Through days of joy, and sadness, Where'er thy wandering footsteps go, Oh! think, how transient here below, Thy sorrow, and thy gladness:
And watch thou always, lest thou stray, From Christ, thy light—thy life—thy way.

That is the true and chief joy, which is not derived from the creature, but the Creator, and which none can take from thee: compared with which all pleasure is torment—all joy is grief—sweet things are bitter—all glory is baseness—and all delectable things are contemptible.

359.

Why does our trembling nature shrink from death? Why do men dread the last expiring breath? Unpardoned guilt—that doth the cause reveal, Men dread the doom, unpardoned guilt must seal: And shall this guilt a heavy load remain? Saviour forgive—and then thy peace sustain.

360.

Friend! is the question, on thy heart engraved, "What must I do, to be" for ever "saved"! "Believe in Jesus"—is the sole reply—Believe in Him—and thou shalt never die.

361.

When desolation, like a flood, O'er the proud sinner rolls: Saints find a refuge in their God, And there repose their souls.

She conducted herself as became a child of God! testifying that she had not received the grace of God in vain.

363.

All, all, must mourn,—not for that angel blest, Now safely sheltered on the Saviour's breast, Whom she in life, with fervent love adored, To whom, on earth her kindred spirit soared. Ah! not for her, but for ourselves we weep! May we with her, on Jesu's bosom sleep, And may the undying spirit of her mind, Still guide—and animate those left behind.

364.

Husband! farewell—'tis thou must rear Our babes, in God's most holy fear: O! teach their infant lips to pray, And guide them in the narrow way. So may we meet, renewed, forgiven, No wanderer lost—a family in Heaven!

365.

O may our feet pursue the way, Our pious fathers trod, With love, and holy zeal obey, The counsels of their God.

Bereaved of both,* I silent fall, Beneath thy hand, thou, Lord of all— Resigned, I yield myself to Thee Through Him, who lived, and died for me.

367.

The mother died, and soon her infant's breath, Gently expired without the pains of death: It seemed as if it could not stay behind, As if a Parents bosom it must find.

368.

Thy sov'reign ways are all unknown, And far above our sight, Yet would our souls adoring own, That all Thy ways are right.

369.

Let morning, noon, and night,
With every act proclaim;
That God's your first, your chief delight—
And Heaven your highest aim.

Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led, Upon this hallowed turf thy feet should tread, Turn from the contemplation of the sod, And think on her whose spirit rests with God. Lowly her lot on earth—but He who bore, Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor, Gave her, his truth, and faithfulness to prove, The choicest treasures of his boundless love-(Faith that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom; Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb; Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy; And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy.) Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear, But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here. Oh, happy Saint—may we like thee be blest; In life be faithful, and in death find rest.

371.

What is mercy !—'tis in death,
Our confidence, and stay—
And may we find it in that day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

372.

Ah! who can sorrow for thy doom, Viewing the path, which thou hast trod; And knowing, that beyond the tomb, "The pure in heart shall see their God."

Think as ye hear the tolling bell,
"A soul is gone to heaven or hell!"—
Oh! let not age, nor thoughtless youth,
Be deaf to such an awful truth.
Deep may it sink in every heart,
That all may choose "that better part,"
Which knows no loss—feels no decay,
Nor life, nor death, can take away.

374.

Death was no terror, or surprise to him, for his lamp was trimmed, and his light burning.

375.

By fond affection, to thy friends endeared, For faith, and works, by all revered, Go, happy, spirit, to the realms above, And rest for ever, in thy Saviour's love.

376.

And thou, life's toilsome journey past, Thou, too, must fade, and fall at last; Thou, too, within thy grave decay, A lifeless mass of mouldering clay: Set then thy heart on things above, And seek the blessings of a Saviour's love.

Though all the wealth of India's plains, In sparkling heaps were thine, Still wer't thou poor amidst thy gains, Unblessed with grace divine.

378.

If all must suffer death the general doom, Say, Reader, art thou ready for thy tomb!

379.

Long, indeed, too long I wandered, From the path's His people tread, Long my time, and substance squandered, Seeking that which was not bread. But Jesus saw the way I trod, And brought the wanderer back to God.

380.

In Christ he died—what can words express, To make the sorrows of the mourners less? The God he served, is now his joy, And songs of praise his Powers employ.

In every state, and relation of life, through the influence of a lively faith, and the overflowings of Christian charity; it was the business, and pleasure of his life to serve his God, and do good to man.

382.

Why art thou so o'erwhelm'd with grief? Why look with sorrow on the sod, That covers now his dear remains, Whose spirit ever rests with God: O let thy tears and sorrows cease; His warfare's o'er—he rests in peace.

383.

"God ruleth among the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand:" or, without the most awful presumption, say unto him—What doest thou.

384.

Who, for a moment, can his death delay! E'er the clock strikes, thy soul may haste away: Oh, sinner! haste to have thy pardon sealed, To know the grace, the gospel has revealed.

Time future, is not; and may never be: Time present, is the only time for thee.

386.

Man, count thy days: And if they fly too fast, For thy dull thought to count; Count every day thy last.

387.

Let me record one single line—
"Sinners are saved by grace divine."

388.

Whene'er you hear the mournful knell,
Or do a funeral see,
Say, "soon perhaps, that solemn bell,
Will thus be tolled for me."
Oh! let me then for death prepare,
And make my soul, my one chief care.

389.

My friends! who sunk in grief profound, In sorrow now my grave surround, In faith repress each rising sigh— Saints born to glory—never die.

We know full well, that tears are vain, That death regards not our distress—But will this soothe the mourners pain, Or make him shed one tear the less? Ah! no—a hope beyond the skies, Alone can dry the mourner's eyes.

391.

Seek to the Lord, thy soul to save, There's no repentance in the grave.

392.

In life, the sinner may laugh—but in death, the saint alone can smile.

393.

Through life, her Saviour was her constant guide: And by his faith sustained, she calmly died; Hope, her last moments cheering with its ray, Ushered her spirit to eternal day.

394.

Always suppose thy death is nigh, And seek to be prepared to die.

396.

May heavenly hope now calm thy fears,
And soothe thy troubled breast;
And chase away thy falling tears,
And give thy spirit rest.

May he who guards the fatherless,
The widow's only stay,
Preserve thee through this wilderness,
And bless thy latter day.

397.

"Weep for the dead"——But why!
Because forgotten in the dust they lie!—
Because no more they share the joys of life!
No longer mingle in its busy strife!
No: weep not for this—yet mourn for the dead,
Who slumber in their dark and lowly bed.
No more shall they the voice of mercy hear—
No more shall faith, and hope, their bosoms cheer:

But, as they sunk in Death,
Their souls must ever be—
Secure in Heaven,
Or lost
To all Eternity.

Why weep while pondering o'er a Christian's dust, As if the final sentence were unjust! The vale of death by Christ himself was trod, To lead his followers to the throne of God.

399.

Thine hours redeem—the space is brief,— Whilst in thy glass, the sand-grains shiver;— How measureless thy joy, or grief, When time, and thou, shall part for ever,

400.

I followed this thing, and pursued that; but I was filled with nothing. But when I found Christ, the only immutable, and undivided good, I desired no more.

401.

Released, at length, from cares, and ling'ring pains. Here, peaceful sleep, a mother's loved remains—In her, the great Creator sweetly joined The fairest body to the purest mind. In charity she lived—in peace she died—Her husband's joy, her children's friend and guide. Religion's paths together here they trod, In hope to reign for ever with their God.

Watch, and pray, that Death may not be dreaded as a curse, but welcomed as a blessing.

403.

Hasten, sinner, to return; Stay not for to-morrow's sun, Lest thy lamp should cease to burn, Ere the needful work be done.

404.

Prepare thy God to meet,

Nor on thy moments fleet,

Longer rely.

Soon as the passing cloud is gone,
Swift as the darting arrow's flown.

Thy minutes fly.

Repent—believe—nor longer dare delay—

"To-day"—the sacred Preacher cries—"to-day"

"Repent—believe."

So shall hope and love to thee be given,
And thou prepared—shalt enter heaven.

405.

I see the Lord, I lov'd below, His face without a veil between; No wanderings here, my soul can know, No sorrows cloud this glorious scene.

How little did I think, that thou Should'st first the summit gain, And leave me thus so far behind, Slow journeying through the plain. But, thus it was our Father's will, And His lov'd voice, is—" Peace, be still."

407.

"Hallowed be thy name," Whose love is still the same. Give, Lord, or take away, Thy love knows no decay.

408.

His God sustained him in his final hour— His final hour brought glory to his God.

409.

*. * * Bear with me O my God,
If in the bitterness of mortal woe,
I've dared to murmur at thy high decree:
Look on my Babes, who now no father have
But thee—Oh shield their helpless infancy
From sin, and danger, till Thou call'st them hence;
And give me strength, to train them to thy will,
To Thee resigned, whate'er may be our lot.

Lord! 'twas thy will—in wisdom to take, My earthly dependence away; And now with submission I make, Thy mercy and truth my sole stay. I rest on thy word—thy promise is sure, And shall to the Widow for ever endure.

411.

Beware what earth calls happiness: beware All joys, but joys that never can expire.

412.

Living, and dying may you find, Christ thy joy, and peace of mind, And resign thy latest breath, Full of *living* hopes in death.

413.

Oh! the sweet joy, that Scripture giveth, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

414.

Days, months, and years of sin, a long adieu; Friends, Christian friends, a short farewell to you; Receive, kind earth, the mortal part of me, And Thou my Saviour, take my soul to Thee.

As a wayward child my heavenly Father corrected me; as a chastened penitent, he called me to his bosom.

416.

Soon, Christian, shall thy conflicts cease, Soon, shalt thou reach the realms of peace, Soon, shalt thou reach thy blissful home, Where storms, and tempests are unknown.

417.

"The Soldier tired of wars alarms,"
Loathes the dire clash of hostile arms,
And gladly seeks the calm retreat,
Where hostile powers will never meet:
But not so sweet the warrior's rest,
As his who sleeps on Jesu's breast.

418.

Why long so much to live—why cleave to life, With all its cares—its sorrows—and its strife! With ardor seek the realms of peace on high, Stretch forth the wings of faith, and thither fly.

We must first suffer, and then reign—No cross, no crown.

420.

Oh weep not for him,
Who is gone to his rest,
Nor mourn for the ransomed,
For wail for the blessed:
With Saints let us triumph,
With Angels accord,
And rejoice for the dead,
Who have died in the Lord.

421.

Reader! reflect—repent—believe—amend, Time has no length—Eternity no end.

422.

What means that loud, and deep toned bell, That strikes the ear at every knell! What tidings to our ears are brought! A soul for ever saved—or lost! Awake, my soul, improve thy day—Gird up thy loins—and watch, and pray.

Teach us to live, that we may dread, The grave as little as our bed: Teach us to die, that so we may, With joy behold the judgment day.

424.

Grac'd with each charm of person, and of mind, With woman's softness—man's strong sense combined. All talents used—to glotify her God, Her single aim, in every step she trod.

425.

She exchanged her earthly coronet, for a heavenly crown.

426.

The race of man, resembling leaves of trees, Bud and expand—then, withering, disappear. When falls the withered *leaf*, its term is o'er; But, man again shall live—to die no more.

427.

Here is laid in sweet repose,
All a saint is called to lose;
In glory bright to be resumed,
When this world shall be entombed.

In an instant, I sank 'neath the shadows of death, And Eternity round me arose: O, reader, remember, that life is a breath; And a breath may bring thine to a close.

429.

To us it appeared mysterious that he should be snatched away in the midst of a life of usefulness: but "my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord."

430.

Man, like a flower, springs to light; At morning pleasant to the sight; At noon, a blast cuts down the flower, And man decays in one short hour,

431.

Ask not, "how many shall be saved! But, shall I be one of them?" Not, "what shall become of others?" But, "what will become of me."

Vain are the titles of an hour, Vain are all riches, fame, and power; All, all is vain—this lesson learn, "Man to his dust, must soon return."

433.

"Man thou must die;"
Thus speaks aloud each funeral knell:
But hark!
It sounds, the end of all to tell,
"All—all—must die;"—
It sounds aloud in every ear,
That all may know that death is near.

434.

Look up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne!
Each bears a golden harp,
Each wears a glorious crown.
O! seek to join that heavenly throng;
O! seek to share their blissful song.

435.

O may we reach that blessed abode, Where saints obtain their rest in God; The Saviour's name, is all their joy, The Saviour's praise, their sweet employ.

And shall the world's deceitful smile, Of Christ and heaven thy soul beguile! Wilt thou earth's empty pleasures prize, Shall heaven seem little in thine eyes! It must not be—vain dreams away! For joys divine, which ne'er decay.

437.

We saw him on his death-bed; and marked how the gloom of the opening grave, was scattered by a hope "full of immortality."

438.

From whence arose that long, deep sigh!
Was it the thought that thou must die!
Improve that thought, and now prolong that sigh,
Till faith assures thee, thou shalt never die.

439.

To live for Christ—in Christ to die— This is redemption from on high!

Weep for yourselves—with "godly sorrow" weep, But not for those who in their Saviour sleep; Their conflicts now are past—their sorrows o'er, They shout for gladness, and shall weep no more.

441.

Heaven calls, and can we yet delay? Can ought on earth engage our stay? Shall we still linger here on earth, And dote on things of little worth? O God forbid,—let grace divine, Secure our hearts for ever thine.

442.

Traveller! in the narrow way, Improve each moment of thy day, Lest thou shouldst lose the glorious prize, Thy God hath set before thine eyes.

443.

When the spirit of our Father fled, What tears were o'er his memory shed! Children, and friends, and neighbours wept, Of such a Christian friend bereft; Whose life did show his faith sincere, Whose death did prove his God was near.

Boast not, O Death! the victory and prize, Poor is thy triumph when a Christian dies, Thy mortal dart assailed the saint in vain, To whom to live was Christ, to die is gain.

445.

It was so suddenly I fell,
My neighbours started at my knell,
Amazed, that I should be no more,
The man they'd seen the day before.
But what security is breath,
Against the uplifted hand of death!
Not one is safe,—not one secure,
Not one can call his moment's sure;
Be wise, and let that holy path be daily trod,
In which, without surprise, a man may meet his God.

446.

Look to that world, where every pain shall cease, Grief turn to joy, and labour end in peace; Oh seek that world by penitence and prayer, Sow the seed here, and reap the fruitage there, Where shadowy joys no longer cheat the soul, But one unclouded year in changeless light shall roll.

What, though a banker rich in wealth, My riches could not purchase health; Nor for my life a ransom pay, When death did summons me away. No treasures then have any worth, But riches of celestial birth.

448.

"Go, work to-day in my vineyard." To-morrow thy pulse may be still, and there is "no work, nor wisdom, in the grave."

449.

Let reason vainly boast her power, To teach her children how to die: The sinner in a dying hour, Needs more than reason can supply. A Saviour's love, a Saviour's power, Alone can cheer him in that hour.



OLD AGE.*

450.

He set his face in early youth, To tread the path of sacred truth: No wonder, then, the way he trod Led him in peace, to meet his God.

451.

My days were prolonged,
To feeble old age;
And what was my staff?
The life giving page.—
It taught me to pray,
It caused me to hope,
It made me rejoice,
In Jesus my King.

^{*} Under this head, with three or four exceptions, the Epitaphs are all original .

In all the changing scenes of life,Still for thy death prepare:O give thine earliest youth to God;Thine age shall be his care.

453.

An aged Christian slumbers here, Whose faith was strong—his love sincere: Content he passed life's little span, In fearing God—and serving man.

454.

The aged Pilgrim's staff, is here laid down, Exchanged for Immortality's bright crown, No longer called, his weary path to tread, He sweetly slumbers with the holy dead; Grant, when at death our staff is here laid down, The aged Pilgrim's bliss, may be our crown,

455.

Here an old man's silent grave,
Would your attention humbly crave:
What! though I cannot preach.
My grave has one great truth to teach—
"What truth!"
The vanity of age, and youth.

Would you attain a good old age! Let God, your *earliest* thoughts engage; Remember Him in days of youth, And turn not from the way of truth.

457.

They that "follow the Lord" fully when they are young, shall have the comfort of his presence when they are old, and their everlasting portion in the heavenly Canaan.

458.

Though "few and evil" were "my days,"
To God belongs my grateful praise:
Let then this humble stone record,
How blessed are they who fear the Lord.

459.

When I was old, and deaf, and blind, I found my Saviour good and kind, For oft I heard His gracious voice, Which bade me in His love rejoice. And now I see Him face to face, And glory in His sov'reign grace.

An aged saint lies here in peace,
For here the storms of life all cease;
His lot, was not through life to glide,
His faith and patience long were tried:—
Wave after wave secure he passed,
And rose in triumph o'er the last.

461.

His hour was come; no power on earth could save "The good old man," that rests within this grave: Nor did he wish to live:—prepared to die, His soul was gathered to the saints on high; So falls to earth at last the ripened grain, To perish not; but rise, and live again.

462.

His peaceful old age, was an evening without a cloud.

463.

Her course was long—in peace she saw it end: Looking beyond the vale with lively faith, She saw the glory of the promised land, And feared no evil, in the shades of death.

Oft His great goodness was my song, Whose power did thus my days prolong So far beyond that narrow span, His will assigns to sinful man: And here I would His love record, That men may learn to fear the Lord.

465.

This is an aged Pilgrim's rest, Who with his Saviour now is blest, Christ's service did his time employ, Till called to enter his Redeemer's joy.

466.

Would you die in a good old age, Read, mark, and learn the sacred page; Ah! that will guide you into peace: And when, at last your life must cease, Then will it calm each rising fear; "Be not afraid, thy Saviour's near."

467.

What! though I lived beyond the age of man, The longest life on earth is but a span; O God, impress on ev'ry heart this truth, That age is but the eve of youth.

See! here rests beneath the sod, An aged, faithful man of God; Who, from his earliest youth, Found comfort in the way of truth.

469.

Should'st thou live throughout the span
That makes the narrow life of man,
And live to life's last stage;
Study to do God's holy will,
And all the duties to fulfil,
Of manhood, and of age.

470.

Here rests in peace by death laid low,
A head almost as white as snow;—
Who can forget that aged face,
Which beamed with hope, and every grace;
Or e'er forget that smile of love,
Which proved him born for heaven above!

CLERICAL EPITAPHS.

471.

Here, holy man! thy labours cease—
Here have we laid thee—rest in peace—
The love which shone throughout thy course,
In vain shall lines like these rehearse;
This stone can only here record,
'Twas thy delight—to serve thy Lord.*

472.

A spirit of unwearied zeal,
Patience, which nothing could subdue,
A heart the woes of man to feel
In every varied form, and hue.
An open hand—an eye—and ear,
For all in sorrow doomed to pine,
A voice the sinners hope to cheer,
These holy———! these were thine.

The above was written by the Author, after musing on the death of his revered friend, the Rev. I. Kempthorne, B. D., Rector of St. Michael's, Gloucester, and is here inscribed as a small tribute of respect to the memory of a patient—laborious—self-desnying—holy "man of God."

Swift as the gliding stream he passed away—
Who can forget the sorrows of that day!
And when we bore his body to the tomb,
What mournful crowds, bewailed his early doom,
Bewailed that gifted tongue, in silence mute,
Whose tones were sweeter, than the sweetest lute.
How many as they looked upon his bier,
Smote on their breast, and felt the gushing tear;
Well might they weep—of such a friend bereaved,
And speak of favours from his hand received.
His earthly course was like the bounteous sun,
And when he sunk in death—his work all done,
Calmly he viewed his last approaching hour,
His hope—his Saviour's love—his Saviour's power.

474.

The Pastor's voice we loved to hear,
(Alas! too often heard in vain)
His hallowed words of praise and prayer,
Will never reach our ears again.
Oh! let us dwell with solemn thought,
On the instructions, which he gave,
Lessons which to the heart are brought,
As here we sorrow o'er his grave.

475.

What, though he died in all his prime, In full activity of zeal and power;— A Christian cannot die before the time, The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

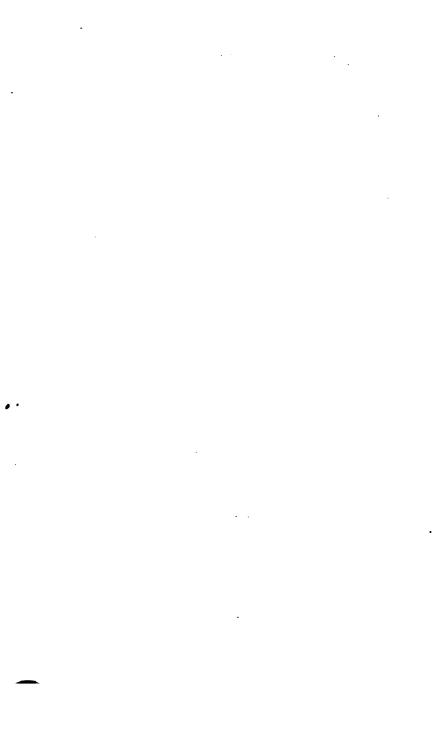
Oft' shall the grateful lip thy history tell,
Thy zeal, thy love, thy deeds remembered well;
And when the sabbath chimes to rocks around,
Waft their rich music—and the joyful sound,
Calls the lone peasant to the house of prayer,
The vow to pay, the soul to prostrate there:
Sires to their sons shall tell of thee, who trod
These hills—these vales—the messenger of God,
Who, with an ardent soul, from day to day,
Pointed to heaven, and smiling led the way.

477.

In love and zeal, his course he trod,
The hallowed messenger of God;
Sought not to dazzle, but to win,
The soul from error and from sin;
While words of love and mercy hung,
Harmonious on his gifted tongue,
His daily walk exemplified
The faith in which he lived and died.

478.

Pious, but unaffected—kind—sincere— Who can record thy name, without a tear !— O sad remembrance!—shall we then repine When honored age, and lettered fame were thine! No!—but thy lonely widow may deplore Years of affection, she can know no more; And say—as hearing still thy funeral knell, Friend of my life, farewell—a long farewell.



NAVAL AND MILITARY.

479.

A soldier lies beneath the sod,
Who many fields of battle trod;
And many dangers did he brave,
In hope his native land to save:—
We'll plant a laurel on his tomb,
Whilst we lament his early doom,
And hope he's found that peaceful rest,
Where soldier's of the cross are blest.

480.

Was it an honourable thing,
To give my life to serve my king!
Amazing grace beyond degree!
The "King of kings" he died for me!

481.

Here rests in peace a soldier brave, Who soon shall overcome the grave; For those who do in Christ believe, Shall victory from their faith receive.

Soldier! rest, thy warfare is o'er;—
The drum shall beat for thee no more;
None shall e'er rouse thee from thy bed,
Till the last trump awake the dead,
And Jesus on his glorious throne,
His faithful soldiers then shall own.

483.

In youth I boasted, "that I shed my blood, To serve my King, and for my country's good;" But in my age, it was my boast to be, "Soldier to him, who shed his blood for me."

484.

His gloves were laid upon the bier,
The helmet and the sword;
The drooping war horse followed near,
As though he mourned his Lord.
Each soldier bore his mournful part,
And sorrow pierced him to the heart:
For 'twas a comrade young, and brave,
They slowly followed to his grave.
No more, the trumpet shall he hear,
Till, Christ, our Captain shall appear,
Who calls his soldiers to be blest,
In realms of peace, and perfect rest.

"Soldier return," He said, "now from thy warfare cease;—
Here rest upon thine arms, the fight of faith is done,
Come from the heat of battle—now return in peace,
Soldier go home discharged, rejoice, the field is won."

486.

And the sea shall give up the dead which were in it. Rev. xx. 13.

His body was committed to the deep,
He sleeps not here, where all his fathers sleep;
This marble, but records his deathless name,
Dear to his kindred, nor less dear to fame.
Bold as a Lion, gentle as a Child,
His was the Christians spirit, meek and mild.
And now to him, the great reward is given,
To sleep in Jesus—and awake in heaven.

487.

"Britannia rules the waves!"—
Oh vain, and impious boast;
Here—mark presumptuous slaves,
"Tis God—who sinks, or saves.

488.

He never saw his home again,
The deep voice of the gun,
The lowering of the battle flag,
Told when his life was done.

The vessel wrecked upon the shore,
Would answer to her helm no more,
Oh! 'twas indeed an awful scene,
Which none could view with hearts serene,
But those that were prepared to die,
And who could say—"our God is nigh,"

490.

No tomb, so mighty as an Ocean swell;
No winding sheet, so fearful as a wave;
To have the howling winds one's funeral knell;
And sink in darkness to a watery grave.
Ah! this may well appal the bravest heart,
And try the courage of the holiest saint.
Who can give hope, as 'mighty,' then, 'to save,'
But He, who walked upon the swelling wave!

491.

From a child brought up on the billow,

His home was the fathomless deep:
But now the cold earth is his pillow,

And sound and unbroken his sleep.
The winds and the waves cannot shake him;
The tempest unheard shall arise,
Till the blast of the trumpet awake him,

And call him in haste to the skies.

EPITAPHS FOR SERVANTS.

492.

He laboured in the fields, his bread to gain, He plowed, he sowed, he reaped the yellow grain, Fruitful himself in works of faith, and love, He lives to reap the joys of Heaven above.

493.

True, to his church he came, no sunday shower, Kept him at home, at the appointed hour; Nor his firm feet, could one persuading sect, By the strong glare of their new light direct: I feel his absence in the house of prayer, And view his seat, and sigh for William there; A wise, good man, contented to be poor; But he is blessed, and I lament no more.

494.

This lowly tomb records no titled fame, It only bears, "a faithful servant's name."

'Twas stern disease his footsteps staid, And down the woodman's axe was laid, No more the forest feared his stroke— He fell—as falls the rugged oak; And like that rugged oak must lie, Till called to judgment in the sky.

496.

This stone is erected to an aged domestic, whose memory will be long cherished with affection, by the family, she so long, and so faithfully served.

FOR THE BLIND, DEAF, &c.

497.

He who decreed I should be blind, Poured light divine upon my mind; His Gospel well supplied my need, His grace my soul from darkness freed: So now with angel's vision bright, I praise him in the realms of light.

498.

Blind from the hour of my birth,
I never saw the heavens, or earth:
Without one sweet and cheering ray,
I travelled on my gloomy way,
Hoping at death, to see that light
Which shines in heaven with radiance bright,
And see what's more—my Saviour's face,
Beaming with glory and with grace.

Blind from my cradle to my cold dark grave, Not one cheering ray of light was mine—save What a gracious God to me did give, As he passed by and bade a sinner live. That light which did "reveal his son in me," Did from eternal darkness set me free: Life's now no more to me, one dreary night, My Lord's my glory—and my God's my light.

500.

Deaf were my ears, and dumb my tongue, A Saviour's name I never sung; But He who made the deaf to hear, Endued my soul with heavenly fear. And caused my heart to feel that love, Which now I sing with saints above.

501.

Dumb whilst I lived on earth, and deaf; From mortal sounds debarred; For me the organ pealed in vain, The anthem swelled unheard—But Faith could hear my Saviour speak, In accents sweet and mild; Silent, and deep, my heart replied, And I was owned a child. My loosened tongue, celestial songs employ, My opened ears, drink in eternal joy.

A Popish bigot, I was strictly bred:
In superstition's chain my soul was led;
Oft' to a Priest, in vain, my sins confest,
Yet in so doing, I could ne'er find rest;
But when my Bible I did humbly read,
Then was my soul from Papal bondage freed:
And, to my Saviour, I my sins confest,
Whose pardoning mercy, gave me peace and rest.

503.

Here lies a poor converted Jew, Despised by many, loved by few,— But he who wandered once forlorn, The object of contempt and scorn, Was brought in Jesus to believe, And pardon from his love receive.

504.

The graves around for many a year,
Were dug by him who slumbers here;
Till worn with age, he dropped his spade,
And in this dust, his bones were laid:
As he now mouldering, shares the doom,
Of those he buried in the tomb,
So will his body too, with theirs arise,
To share the judgment of the skies.

I look for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

506.

Give to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit's grace.
Be equal honor done,
Who all unite our Souls to save,
And make us Conq'rors o'er the grave.

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE.

THE FOLLOWING TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE MAY, WITH GREAT PROPRIETY, BE INSCRIBED AS MEMORIALS TO PERSONS WHO WERE ESTREMED FOR THEIR WORTH AND PIETY.

Absent from the body, to be present with the Lord. 2 Cor. v. 8.

The righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace. Isaiah lvii. 1, 2.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his! Numbers xxiii. 10.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. *Psalm* cxvi. 15.

I will reason them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction. *Hosea* xiii. 14.

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Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, even our Saviour Jesus Christ. Titus ii. 13.

Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is even able to subdue all things unto himself. *Philippians* iii. 21.

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Matthew xiii. 43.

If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour.—

John xii. 26,

In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also. John xiv. 2, 3.

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We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. v. 1.

He looked for a City which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Heb. xi. 10.

The Lord knoweth the days of the upright: and their inheritance shall be for ever. Ps. xxxvii. 18.

Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them. Rev. xiv. 13.

There remaine the therefore a rest to the people of God. Heb. iv. 9.

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.—

Rev. xxi. 4.

He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. Rev. xxi. 7.

Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee. Psalms xxxi. 19.

In thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore. Psalm xvi. 11.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. 1 Cor. ii. 9.

Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory. John xvii. 24.

I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness. *Psalm* xvii. 15.

He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Psalm cxxvi. 6.

We sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14.

Whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's. For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and living. *Rom.* xiv. 8, 9.

I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. Rom. viii. 38, 39.

O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? 1 Cor. xv. 55.

I know that my Redeemer liveth. Job xix. 25.

TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE

FOR

THE YOUNG.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth. *Ecclesiastes* xii. 1.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. *Proverbs* viii. 17.

Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto, according to thy word.—

Psalms cxix. 9.

The days of his youth hast thou shortened.— Psalm lxxxix. 45.

He weakened my strength in the way; he shortened my days. *Psalm* cii. 23.

Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding. 1 Chron. xxix. 15.

I am gone like the shadow, when it declineth. Ps. cix. 23.

She hath given up the ghost; her sun is gone down while it was yet day. Jeremiah xv. 9.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. *Prov.* xxxi. 30.

The only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Luke vii. 12.

I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me. 2 Sam. xii. 23.

I am distressed for thee my brother: very pleasant hast thou been unto me. 2 Sam. i. 26.

Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right! Genesis xviii. 25.

The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Job. i. 21.

It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth him good. 1 Sam. iii. 18.

The will of the Lord be done. Acts xxi. 14.

To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ for ever, Amen. Romans xvi. 27.

FOR

THE AGED.

The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong, that they come to fourscore years; yet is their strength then but labour and sorrow; so soon passeth it away and we are gone. *Psalm* xc. 10.

The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. *Prov.* xvi. 31.

FOR.

SUDDEN DEATHS.

THE following Texts of Scripture may be inscribed on memorials recording that the person died suddenly, or was accidentally killed.

Therefore, be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh. *Matt.* xxiv. 44.

Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh. Matt. xxv. 13.

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FOR SUDDEN DEATHS.

Take ye heed, watch and pray: for ye know not when the time is. *Mark* xiii. 33.

What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch, Mark xiii. 37.

Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching. Luke xii. 37.

Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. *Prov.* xxvii. 1.

Lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided. 2 Sam. i. 23.*

Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul, but rather fear him, which is able to destroy both body and soul in hell. *Matt.* x. 28.

^{* 2} Sam. i. 23, may be inscribed on a memorial recording, that, two or more christian friends died together.

Matt. x. 28, is suitable for a stone, recording the murder of some poor Irish Protestant.

MISCELLANEOUS TEXTS.

The following texts of Scripture are suitable for inscriptions in general, and a valuable selection may be made from them. As the word of God affords such a rich variety of Texts, each enforcing some solemn and affecting truth, the same Scripture need not be repeated in the same churchyard. To give the greater interest to our cemeteries, the admonitions, &c. should be as varied as possible, and so arranged that they may be productive of the greatest effect on the mind of the reader.

Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Genesis iii. 19.

What man is he that liveth, and shall not see death! Shall he deliver his soul from the hand of the grave! *Psalm* lxxxix. 48.

There is no man that hath power over the spirit to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war."*

Eccleriastes viii. 8.

A time to be born, and a time to die. *Ecclesiastes* iii. 2.

The living know that they shall die. *Eccles*. ix. v. O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end! *Deut*. xxxii, 29.

Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not. Job. xiv. 1, 2.

Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven. *Matt.* vi. 20. For what hath man of all his labour, and of the vexation of his heart, wherein he hath laboured under the sun. *Eccles.* ii. 22.

Man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets. *Eccles*. xii. 5. He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. *Job* vii. 10.

^{*} The latter part of this text renders it not unsuitable for a soldier's tomb.

I know that thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living. Job xxx. 23. Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is, that I may know how frail I am. Psalm xxxix. 4.

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. *Psalm* ciii. 15. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom. *Psalm* xc. 12.

Man is like to vanity: his days are as a shadow that passeth away. *Psalm* cxliv. 4. Hear counsel, and receive instruction, that thou mayest be wise in thy latter end. *Prov.* xix. 20.

Behold, thou hast made my days as a hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily man at his best estate is altogether vanity. Psalm xxxix. 5. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. Psalm ii. 11.

Man dieth and wasteth away: yea man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he! Job xiv. 10. Now set your heart and your soul to seek the Lord your God. 1 Chron. xxii. 19.

So man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. Job xiv. 12.*

Job xiv. 22.—A good inscription to meet the eye of one who is entering a church-yard,

Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace, thereby good shall come unto thee. Job xxii. 21.

Vanity of vanities, saith the Preacher; all is vanity. *Eccles*. xii. 9. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth. *Col.* iii. 2.

If riches increase, set not your heart upon them. Psalm lxii. 10. For we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. 1 Timothy vi. 7.

My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. **Prov.** i. 10. Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord: that walketh in his ways. **Psalm** exxviii. 1.

See then that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise, Redeeming the time, because the days are evil. *Eph.* v. 15, 16.

The wise shall inherit glory, but shame shall be the promotion of fools. *Prov.* iii. 35.

Forsake the foolish, and live; and go in the way of understanding. *Prov.* ix. 6.

The wicked is driven away in his wickedness: but the righteous hath hope in his death. *Prov.* xiv. 32.

The hope of the righteous shall be gladness: but the expectation of the wicked shall perish. *Prov.* x. 28.

My days are past, my purposes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. Job xvii. 11. For when the breath of man goeth forth, he shall turn again to his earth, and then all his thoughts perish. Pealm exlvi. 3.

We all do fade as a leaf. Isaiah lxiv. 6.

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. vi. 2. Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near. Isaiah lv. 6.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest. *Ecc.* ix. 10.

The grave is mine house: I have made my bed in the darkness. I have said to corruption, thou art my father: to the worm, thou art my mother, and my sister. Job xiv. 12. And seekest thou great things for thyself! seek them not! Jor. xlv. 5.

Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me. Jer. xlix. 11.

He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows, even God in his holy habitation. *Psalm* lxviii. 5.

In thee, the fatherless findeth mercy. Hosea xiv. 3.

One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh. *Eccles.* i. 4. For all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth, the flower therof falleth away; but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. 1 *Pet.* i. 24, 25.

Brethren, the time is short. 1 Cor. vii. 29. For what is your life! It is even a vapour, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. James iv. 14.

Thus saith the Lord of, Hosts, consider your ways. Haggai i. 7.

Seek the Lord, and ye shall live. Amos v. 6.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. *Isaiah* lv. 6, 7.

Prepare to meet thy God. Amos iv. 12. Repent ye, and believe the Gospel. Mark i. 15.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. Luke xv. 10.

Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of; but the sorrow of the world worketh death. 2 Cor. vii. 10.

Then said one unto him, Lord, are there few that be saved? and he said unto them, Strive to enter in at the strait gate: for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. Luke xiii. 23, 24.

Press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. *Phil.* iii. 14. Know ye not that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize! So run, that ye may obtain. 1 *Cor.* ix. 24.

If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? 1 Peter iv. 18.

My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. John x. 27, 28.

Abhor that which is evil, cleave to that which is good. Rom xii. 9. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. Eccles. xii. 14.

Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God. But he that shall deny me before men, shall be denied before the angels of God. *Luke* xii. 8, 9.*

Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life. Jude 21.

Abide in him; that when he shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before him at his coming. 1 John ii. 28.

What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul! Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul! *Mark* viii. 36, 37.

Lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven, for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also. *Matthew* vi. 20, 21.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. *Matthew* v. 8. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. *John* iii. 3.

We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things *done* in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad. 2 *Cor.* v. 10.

^{*} A suitable inscription to one who stedfastly maintained his Christian profession in the midst of Paganism, or in the face of Popery.

The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and come forth; they that have done good, to the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation. John v. 28, 29.

There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust. Acts xxiv. 15.

He hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world in righteousness. Acts, xvii. 31. So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God. Rom. xiv. 12.

And I saw the dead, both small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. and whosever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire. Rev. xx. 12, 15.

The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord. Rom. vi. 23.

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. John iii. 16.

He that endureth unto the end, the same shall be saved. Matthew xxiv. 13.

He that believeth on the son of God hath everlasting life: and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him. John iii. 36.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. ii. 10.

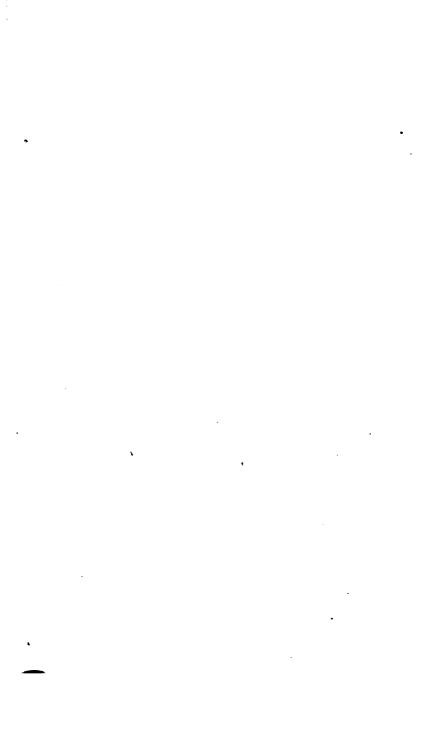
He that overcometh shall not be hurt of the second death. Rev. ii. 11.

To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the paradise of God. *Rev.* ii. 7.

IF THEY HEAR NOT MOSES AND THE PROPHETS, NEITHER WILL THEY BE PERSUADED, THOUGH ONE ROSE FROM THE DEAD. Luke xvi. 31.

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APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

DIRECTIONS FOR ASCERTAINING THE DATES OF MONUMENTS.

(From " Origines Genealogico," by STACET GRIEALDI, F. S. A.)

The following directions will afford some slight guide by which the date of an ancient monument may be ascertained when its legend can no longer be deciphered.

Tenth and Eleventh Centuries.—The coffin-lid in the form of a prism, the better to shoot of the wet, because the bottom part of the stone coffin lay on the ground. In armour, the rustred, ringed, trellised, tegulated, mascled, and edge-ringed, obtained use.

Twelfth Century.—Coffin-lids improved, or distinguished with crosses; at first plain, then fleury, in bas-relief. Tables, whereon effigies or sculpture. Priests had chalices in their hands on their breast; prelates had mitres, crosiers, great crosses, and pontifical habits; knights had arms, spurs, and swords. The armour as in the preceding century. No coats of arms, on shields, or otherwise, occur prior to this

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century. The earliest known in England are those of Geoffrey Magnaville, Earl of Essex, buried in the Temple Church, in the year A. D. 1164.

Thirteenth Century.—Coffin-stones, with heads or bodies emerging from them, and placed in walls, with arches turned over them. The first brass statue, that of Henry III. Lombardic capitals became general on tombstones. The first table-monument is that of King John, in Worcester Cathedral, who died A. D. 1216; and the fashion lasted until the reign of James I. French epitaphs occur. The oldest instance of a skeleton-monument is A. D. 1241. Cross-legged figures are between A. D. 1224, and A. D. 1313. They imply crusaders, or that the parties had vowed to take the journey. The armour is complete mail, with only knee-pieces of plate.

Fourteenth Century.—Lombardic capitals on tombstones not used after A. D. 1361. The text, or old English hand, succeeded, and continued till the reign of Elizabeth. The inscriptions were engraven on brass, and the words abbreviated. The armour is a mixture of mail and plate, but mostly mail. Coats of arms were not quartered by subjects until this century: John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, was the first. Supporters to arms first occur, being used by Richard II. Coronets first appear: the instance is in John of Eltham, who died A. D. 1334.

Fifteenth Century.—Burials in chapels introduced. In armour, from A. D. 1400, all plate but the gorget: in A. D. 1416 all plate occurs. Henry V. was the first who bore three fleur-de-lis, instead of senee.

Sixteenth Century.—Inlaid with brass, altar-monuments at the beginning of this century. Monuments against the wall, chiefly since the reformation. Roman round-hand took place about the end of the reign of Henry VIII. "Orate pro anima" was discontinued on monuments at the reformation: Catholics (Roman) have only used it since. The first deviation from the Gothic forms of tombs is the monument of Lord Danley's mother, who died A. D. 1578. Skeletons in shrouds succeeded, and were imitated by corpses in shrouds, tied head and foot. Figures supported their heads on their right hands, an attitude taken from the Greek and Roman monuments. A kneeling attitude for children takes date not till after the Reformation; nor for parents, except to the cross; nor the infant in swaddling clothes, nor cradle.

Seventeenth Century.—The latest date of animals at the feet is A. D. 1645. Cumbent figures occur till A. D. 1676.

"THE word hearse," says du Cange, was anciently used for the Candlestick, or "Candelabrium," when Popish superstition used to burn a number of wax lights, night and day, at the tombs of their wealthiest nobles, or the shrines of their most renowned Saints, and whether moveable or immoveable, they were variously constructed, and often of the most costly description. Now it is only known as the name of a carriage in which the dead are conveyed to the place from whence they shall return no more. It was first used in the reign of William and Mary. In the time of Charles II. at the burial of a peer, the body was borne on men's shoulders.

AGE AND SIZE OF YEW TREES.

Yews are believed to be the most ancient trees of Great Britain; and no doubt can exist that there are individuals of the species in England, as old as the introduction of Christianity, and there is every reason to believe a very great deal older. It is the opinion of Decandolle, the greatest botanist in Europe, that of all European trees, the yew is that which attains the greatest age. "I have measured one of seventy years growth; Œlhafen has measured one of one hundred and fifty years; and Veillard has measured one of two hundred and eighty years. These three measurements agree in proving that the yew grows a little more than one line annually in the first one hundred and fifty years, and less than a line from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. By the lines of a tree, the reader must understand the circular lines, which begin at the centre, and extend to the circumference, and which may be counted very readily in many trees after they have been felled, and sawn through. If for very aged yews we take the average of one line annually, it is probably an admission beyond the truth; and thus in estimating the number of lines and years as equal, we make them younger than they really are." We think this reasoning very plausible, and point out to such of our readers as may have opportunities of seeing old yew trees, how easily they may ascertain

their age.* The line here spoken of is one-tenth of an inch added to the circumference of the tree. The circumference may be taken just above the base of the tree; the third of this measurement gives the diameter, and every inch of diameter is equal to ten years. There are four measurements of venerable yews in England-those of the ancient Abbev of Fountains, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, which yews were well known as early as A.D. 1155. Pennant says that A.D. 1770 they were 1214 lines in diameter. and, consequently, were more than 12 centuries old. Those in the churchyard of Crowhurst, in Surrey, on Evelyn's authority, were 1287 lines in diameter. There are two remarkable yews still in the same cemetery, and if they be the same which Evelyn refers to, they must be fourteen centuries and a half old. The yew tree at Fortingal, in Perthshire, mentioned by Pennant, A. D. 1770, had a diameter of 2588 lines, and consequently, we must reckon it at from twentyfive to twenty-six centuries old. The yew of Brabourn churchyard, in Kent, has attained the age of 3000 years; but that at Hedsor, in Buckinghamshire, surpasses all others in magnitude and antiquity. It is in full health, and measures above twenty-seven feet in diameter; consequently, according to Decandolle's method of computation, this yew has reached the enormous age of 3240 years! In all likelihood this is the most ancient specimen of European vegetation.

^{*} We are aware that at the British Association, which met in a.D. 1836, a paper was read contradictory of Decandolle's computation regarding yew trees, and stating that he made the old trees too young, and the young trees too old. The experimenter asserted that the mean average of the number of lines which a tree increased in a year, was two, or one-fifth of an inch. But Decandolle is the highest authority, and we are inclined to abide by his opinion till further experiments have been made.

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